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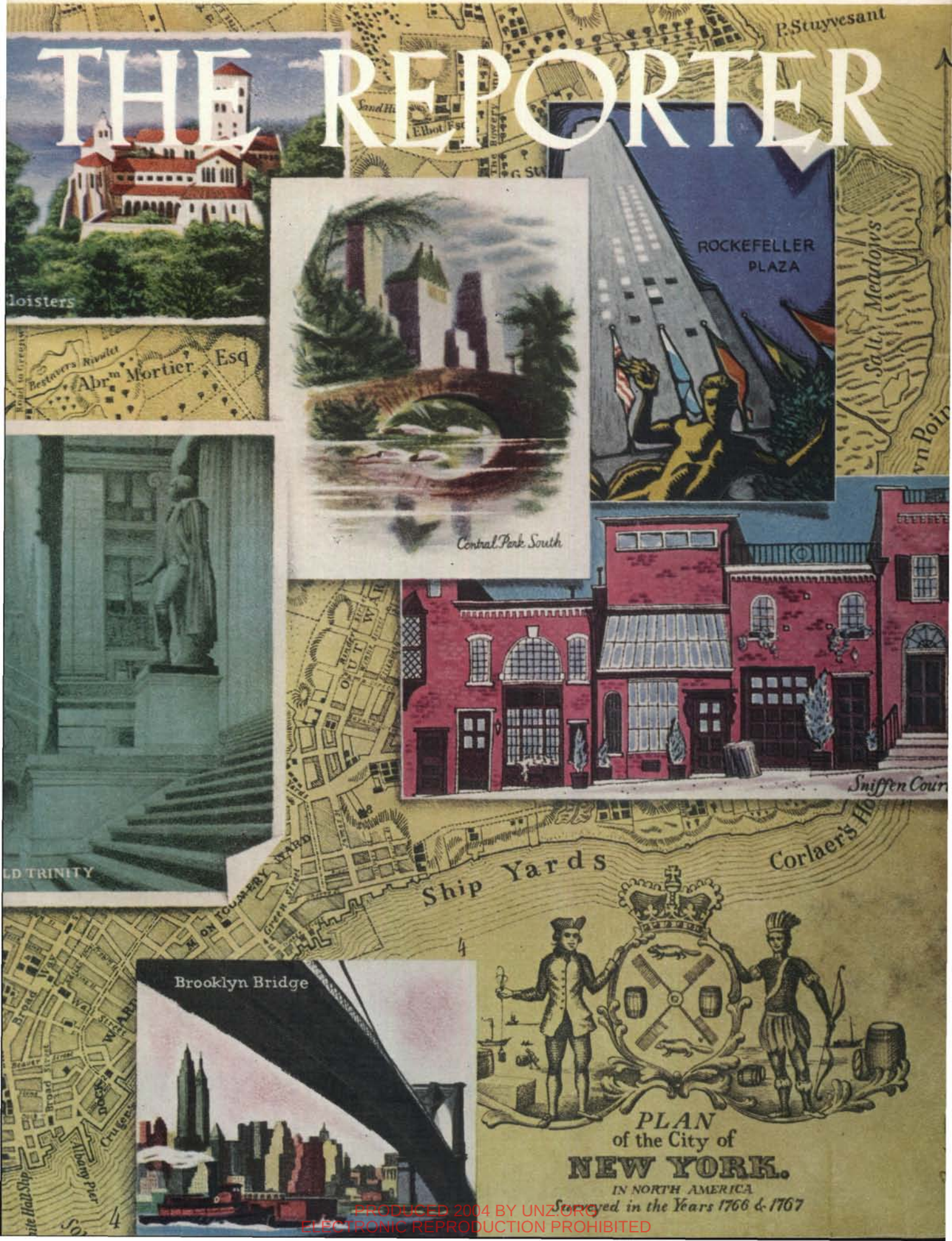

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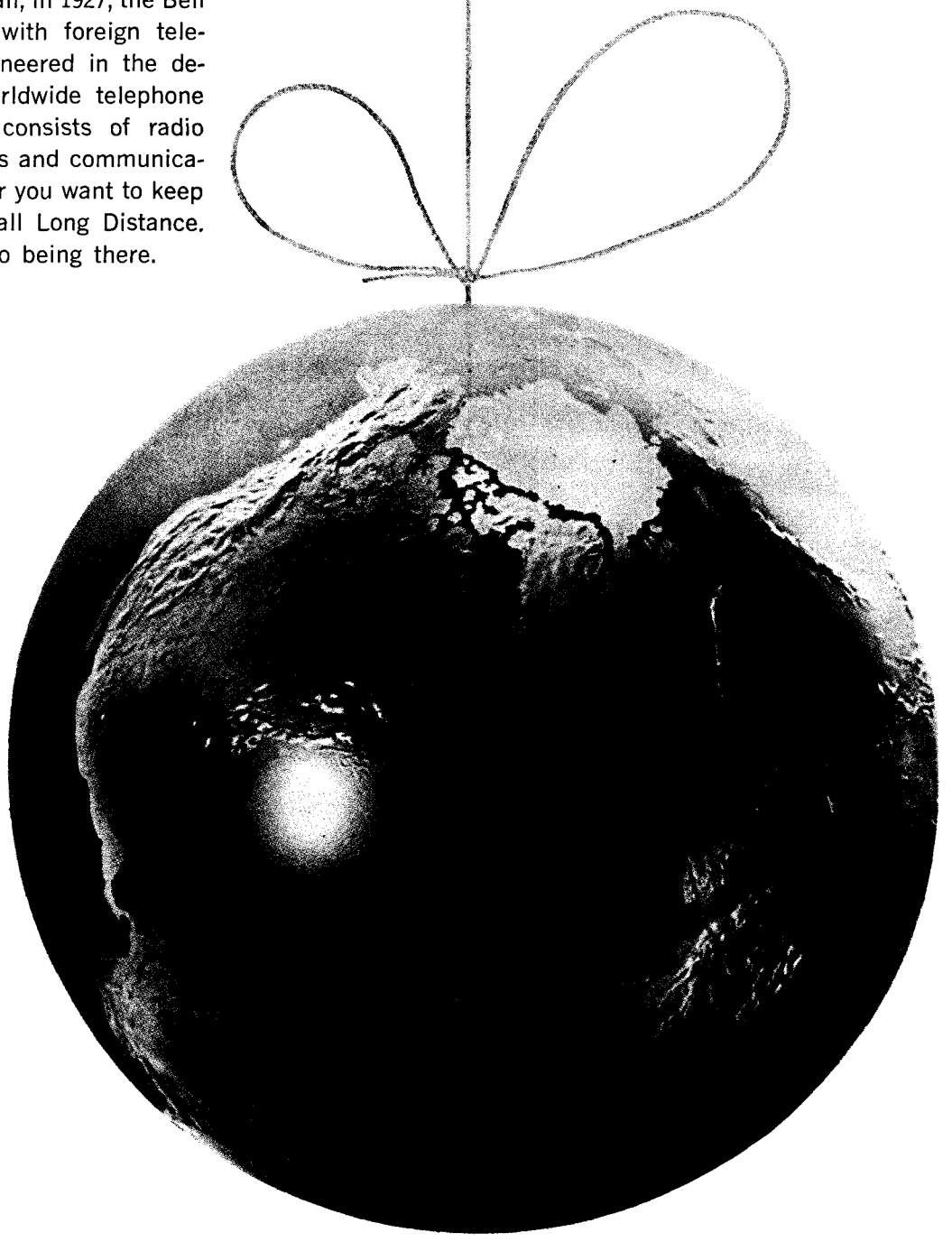

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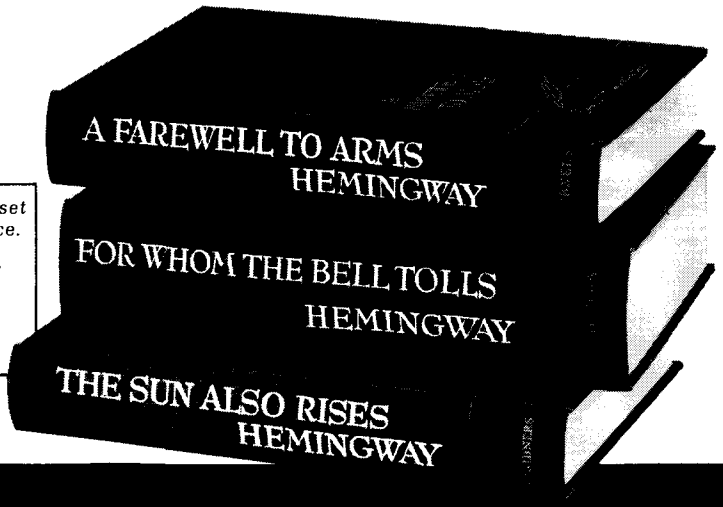

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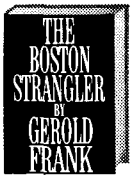

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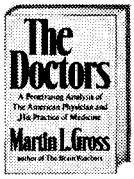

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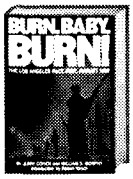

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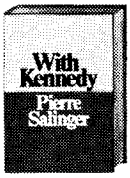

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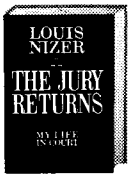

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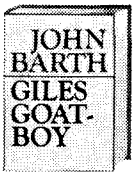

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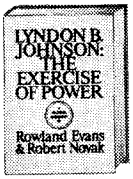

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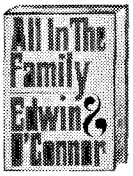

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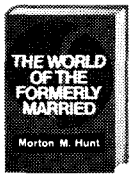

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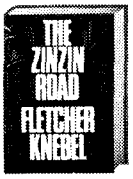

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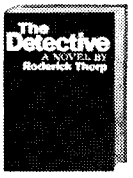

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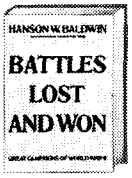

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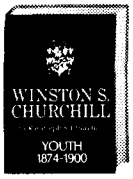

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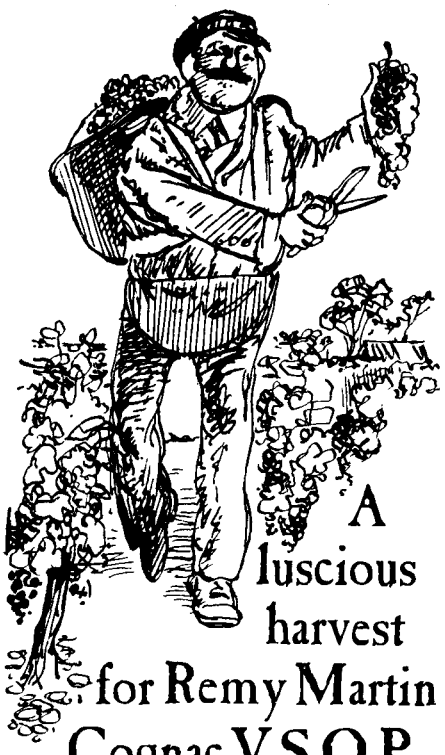

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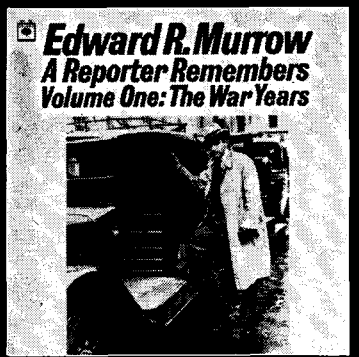

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE ABSURDITY of proposing ever greater Federal expenditures as the cure-all for the plight of our cities may have reached a high point last summer when Senator Robert F. Kennedy estimated that if all urban areas needed proportionately as much help as the figures suggested by the mayors of New York and Detroit, the ten-year cost would be more than a trillion dollars. Perhaps the day is at hand when we must adjust to reckoning in trillions, but to our mind, the problem of the cities is as much a matter of rehabilitating people and involving them in the process of making decisions and carrying them through as it is a question of dollars. What can be accomplished when the people of a decaying neighborhood are helped to help themselves, and what can be lost when a bureaucracy grinds ahead without enough regard for the human element, is demonstrated in two articles about Harlem. Former New York State Senator **George R. Metcalf** is president of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing; **Rasa Gustaitis** is a free-lance writer who was a reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune*.

THE WORD "miracle," so freely applied to the economic revitalization of Europe, stuck as a nickname to Ludwig Erhard, the "miracle man" of German recovery. Now Erhard himself will need a miracle to return as his country's leader. **George Bailey** comments on the fall of a friend to the United States and suggests that we could have been a better friend to the Chancellor. . . . A most encouraging development in South Vietnam is reported by **Denis Warner** from Saigon. He documents a growing political maturity, still in its early stages, that may in time provide the country with some kind of representative institutions. . . . The computer, that modern oracle, has been suggested by some business groups as the place to go for the answers to the problem of matching vacant jobs with unemployed workers. **Sar A. Levitan** and **Garth L. Mangum,** economists on the staff of the W. E. Upjohn Institute for Employment Research, believe that the problem is not so simple, and that the government should place greater emphasis on creating jobs, especially for the disadvantaged jobless often called "unemployable" . . . The big freeze that Harold Wilson has put on wages and prices is the most severe restraint on Great Britain's alternately profligate and austere economy since the devaluation of the pound in 1949. If it doesn't work, **Claire Sterling** reports, another devaluation may be the only way out.

Ferenc Kormendi is a Hungarian novelist whose eighteen books have been published in many languages. His *Adventure in Budapest* (1939) was a best-seller in this country. "The Emperor's War Games" is part of a larger work in progress called *Atlantis Remembered* . . . The performance of two new American operas within a month is noteworthy. After hearing the opening of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* at the new Met, **Roland Gelatt** went to Hamburg for *The Reporter* to attend the première of Gunther Schuller's *The Visitation*. . . . **Robert Wallace** is a faculty member at Western Reserve University. His most recent collection is *Views from a Ferris Wheel* (Dutton). . . . **Hennig Cohen,** editor of the *American Quarterly* and a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is co-editor with Tristram P. Coffin of *Folklore in America* for Doubleday. . . . **Gerald Weales,** the winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism for 1965, is the editor of *The Complete Plays of William Wycherley* in the Anchor Seventeenth-Century Series. . . . **Gordon A. Craig,** a Stanford University professor of history, is the author of *War Politics and Diplomacy: Selected Essays,* which will be published by Praeger this month. . . . **Virgilia Peterson** frequently contributes literary criticism and essays to *The Reporter,* notably her recent "Prejudice and Hope." . . . **Eve Cary** is a free-lance writer.

Our cover is by **Harry Carter.**

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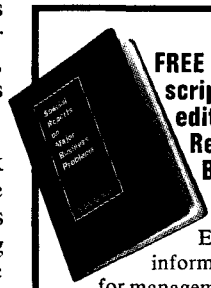

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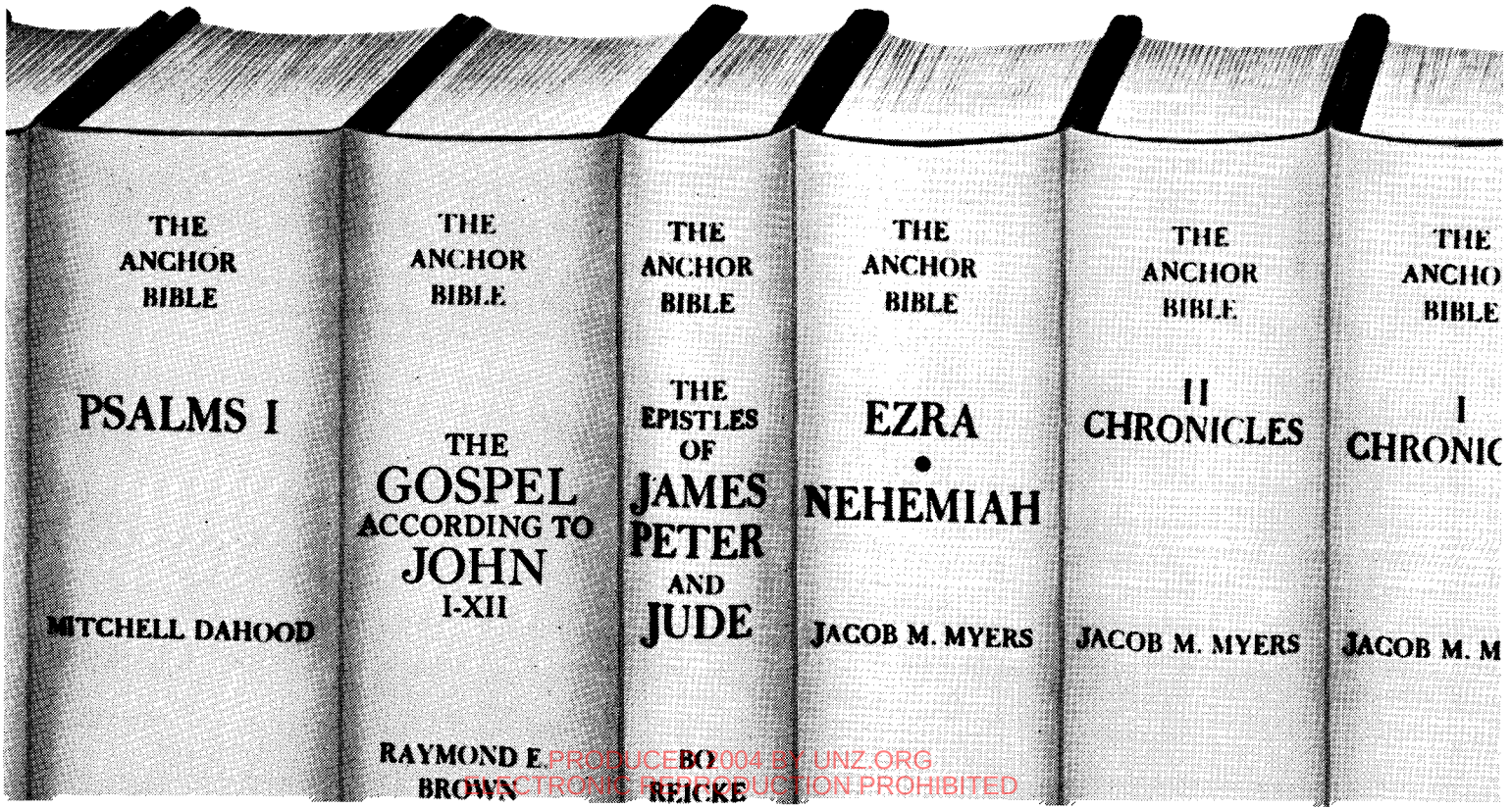

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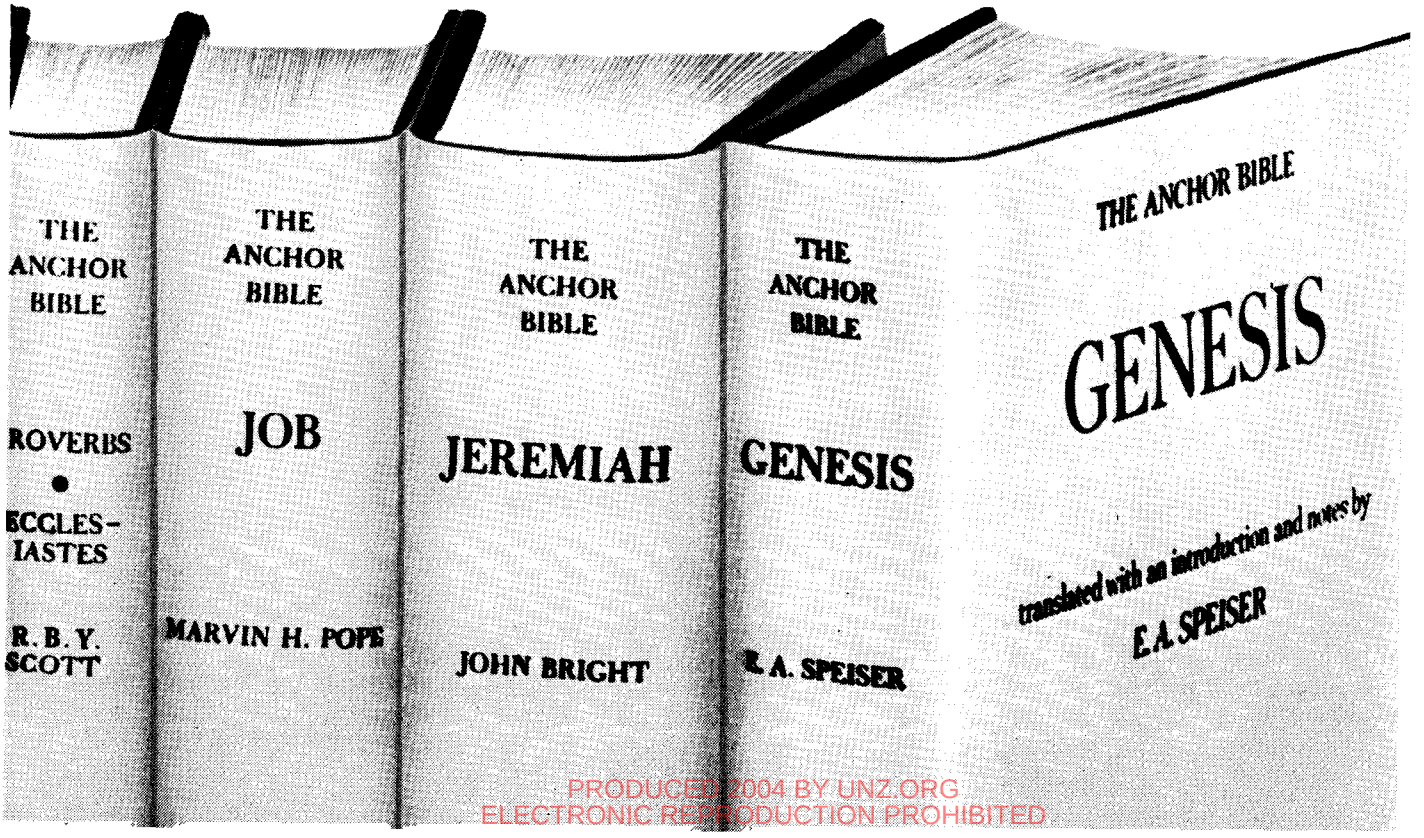

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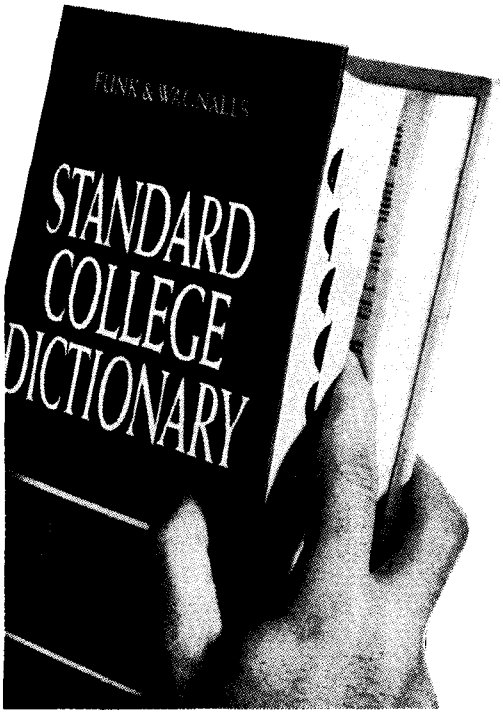

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PROLIFERATION

To the Editor: James R. Schlesinger's expert analysis of "The Strategic Consequences of Nuclear Proliferation" (*The Reporter,* October 20) is a very worthwhile contribution to the public discussion of the proliferation problem, particularly when contrasted with the hysterical and/or pious nature of a good many earlier analyses. Nevertheless, a number of his conclusions and emphases are of doubtful validity.

Mr. Schlesinger notes that the "ability to demonstrate that acquisition of nuclear weapons cannot significantly alter the strategic balance provides in the long run the best hope of controlling proliferation and its consequences." But this presumes that the acquisition of nuclear capabilities by any of the current non-nuclear states is designed to affect the strategic balance between the large nuclear states. Except in certain cases (West Germany and, perhaps, Japan), this is not likely to be true: the small powers who go nuclear are much more likely to do so in response to local difficulties with other small powers. Those "unsophisticated" forces will appear to be very much more desirable than Mr. Schlesinger's analysis suggests when they are compared with the forces of *likely* enemies: the argument, therefore, that we can influence their decisions to join the nuclear club by pointing out how expensive, irrational, self-defeating, etc., the forces they can build are in comparison to those now in existence is irrelevant and perhaps even delusive.

Mr. Schlesinger may very well be correct in his assumption that proliferation is inevitable and that "existence will continue to be quite tolerable" if and when it occurs. However, it is worth pointing out that *both* assumptions could be wrong. As to the latter point, the argument that the effects of the "first" nuclear war will be confined to the underdeveloped world—a contention which seems somewhat out of kilter with Mr. Schlesinger's earlier emphasis on the effect of new nuclear capabilities on the *strategic* balance—depends on a range of variables so wide and so unknowable that one can only respond by asking Mr. Schlesinger for more extensive evidence for his conclusion.

If we are to develop a policy based on the presumption of inevitable proliferation, the measures he suggests that would make it more difficult to become a nuclear power may be, in certain cases, unwise. Paradoxically, if we assume states are going to become nuclear powers, we may have a vested interest in ensuring that their deterrent is sophisticated and not accident-prone. We might even consider, in certain circumstances, actually giving nuclear weapons to states which intend to develop them but which would be

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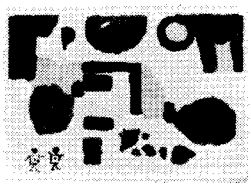

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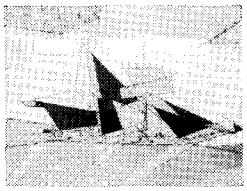

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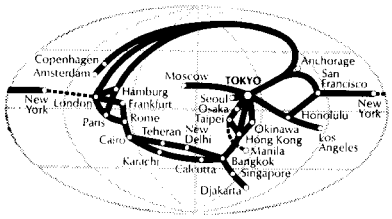

exposed to aggression in the period of preparation, or trigger-happy after achieving them (because of their vulnerability to an enemy first strike).

Finally, it is possible to question the entire assumption that proliferation is in fact inevitable. The actions which we should take if we believe proliferation is inevitable are different from those which we should take if we believe it can still be halted. We must choose between the two assumptions, or we shall inherit the worst effects of both. And there is no way of denying that either road is very treacherous. I tend, myself, to believe that we ought to make one last concerted effort to prevent proliferation at all costs, perhaps because I am much less optimistic than Mr. Schlesinger about the ability of all of us (and not just the new states) to survive a process of accelerated and asymmetric nuclear diffusion.

ROBERT L. ROTHSTEIN
Research Associate
The Washington Foreign Policy Research Center
Johns Hopkins University

MAN AND MACHINES

To the Editor: The outstanding analytical powers of Edward T. Chase are displayed in the many fine articles he has written. I do not quarrel with observations concerning "The Manpower Debate" (*The Reporter*, October 20), but I would suggest that sound answers to the problem of manpower in this era will not be found through a scientific approach to unemployment.

Quantitative statistics on unemployment are a mirage. More than two million of the ten million American families living in poverty are headed by a person working full time. While they are not included in the statistics on unemployment, they are as much a part of the over-all job problem in our economy as the unemployed.

More important to a solution is the issue of job quality. With higher education and training, our youth are demanding jobs with significance and are turning away in droves from careers in free-enterprise organizations, seemingly in rebellion against freedom-destroying regimentation and the role of a midwife to supermachines. I am concerned that so many people to whom jobs are a tool to a worthwhile life reject those which in the past we have been led to believe are the very essence of our industrial economy. Economic planning without concern for human aspirations becomes idle speculation irrelevant to the evolution of our culture.

A. M. WILSON
Cohasset, Massachusetts

GEORGIA ON THEIR MINDS

To the Editor: Reliable social scientists from the Atlanta area tell me, in contradiction to Arlie Schardt's armchair estimate ("Lester Maddox and the Mad Democrats," *The Reporter*, October 20), that it is absolutely impossible

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to explain the Maddox primary victory in Georgia by a shift or infiltration of Republican votes. In fact, surveys of counties where Republicans are as scarce as CORE workers at a KKK rally gave strong support to Maddox in the runoff.

ROBERT L. WENDT
Associate Professor
of Sociology
Salem College
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

To the Editor: Arlie Schardt's article on our Georgia politics is as accurate an account of the situation as any I have seen published. Congratulations.

J. B. FUQUA, Chairman
State Democratic Executive
Committee of Georgia
Augusta

CHOOSING STOCKS

To the Editor: The article by E. J. Kahn, Jr. ("Heads You Win?", *The Reporter*, October 20), addresses itself to the Lorie-Fisher thesis that random selection of common stocks is about the best that can be expected. As a rejoinder to this thesis, we offered cash prizes to contestants who could pick a list of stocks from those which Value Line ranked IV (below average) or V (lowest) that would outperform a selection of stocks from those which Value Line ranked I (highest). About twenty thousand contestants entered. Only one in a thousand was able, either using his own methodology or selecting at random, to get results superior to those afforded by the Value Line's disciplined evaluation.

What I think Professor Lorie has in mind is that if any method is developed for selecting stocks on a basis that will work better than random, enough experts will catch on to it to make it equal to a random method in the long run. That, of course, is a nice ploy for statisticians to fool around with. The fact is that while random-selection people are catching up with the informed-selection people, there will be an advantage to the latter. And since the methods of selection are certainly subject to improvement, there is the strong possibility that with or without the computer, but more likely with the aid of the computer, it may be possible to do better than random selection.

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DARKNESS?

To the Editor: Imre Kovács's article "Journey in Darkness" (*The Reporter*, October 20) is very appropriately titled. As a Latin American I feel he really was in darkness when he visited Colombia.

In his ethnocentrism it was so pitch black for him that he was not able to appreciate the simple and sincere hospitality of the Colombian people.

BERTHA GARCIA DE CARTER
Seattle

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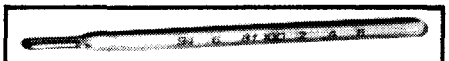

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Manila and the President

The President's participation in the Manila Conference and his visit to seven Asian countries, undertaken as a search for peace, may actually prove to have been a first step toward the Asian equivalent of that subdued, well-mannered hostility between East and West which in Europe is a substitute for peace. Let's not forget, however, that the European state of things, precarious as it is, could never be maintained without the American presence.

In Asia, the American intervention in support of a country attacked by Communism has led to limited wars of fluctuating intensity, unlimited duration, and cumulative impact. This has been the case, first in Korea, then in Vietnam, and it will be in Thailand tomorrow, if we do not act as the danger demands. President Johnson, during his Asian trip, has recognized this cumulative, open-ended nature of the Communist wars of aggression.

It is to be hoped that from now on we are going to hear less and less about the commitments of the three Presidents that have led our country, as if by a process of irresistible automation, into a greater and greater involvement in Vietnam. Again and again during his trip, President Johnson said that as Communism has been stopped in Europe, so it must be in Asia. He is right, and the thing can be done, provided it is remembered that Communist aggressions there cannot be dealt with as single, unrelated accidents. Rather, they come one after the other, and because of the other. We cannot have anything remotely like peace and rudimentary civic life in South Vietnam until we face up to the major source of weapons and strategy, which is Red China.

Actually, things would not be in such a critical condition in Asia, and the United States would not be the only western power willing and able to intervene in the defense of a country under external or internal attack, if the Eisenhower administration had been in less of a hurry to sign the Korean so-called armistice on July 27, 1953, while the French Army was still fighting in Indochina. Dienbienphu fell on May 7, 1954. The Geneva Agreements, now considered as the guideline for true peace in Southeast Asia, were signed on July 21 of the same year. In deference to the memory of a man whom we frequently criticized, we must add that John Foster Dulles knew the danger we ran by letting the French down in Indochina but he was overruled by President Eisenhower. Later both Dulles and Eisenhower were of one mind in siding with the Soviet Union against Britain and France at the time of Suez.

Now we have no major European ally on our side in Southeast Asia, though we have a few brave Asian countries with us. Communism in that part of the world, no matter whether Moscow- or Peking-oriented, is united in its enmity toward the United States. The six American soldiers murdered in South Korea eight hours before the President left that country give evidence of what an armistice with Communism means.

As to negotiation, or anything called by that name, it is conceivable only if it encompasses the countries that have been, are, or may be the object of Communist aggression. There is no use asking old Ho Chi Minh to sit down at that famous peace table. Only Red China could be the proper interlocutor, were it not that at present it is led by men maniacally dedicated to the perpetuation of the youth that was theirs. But those men had no nuclear weapons in the Yenan caves, and their successors cannot possibly go on babbling about fishes in the sea. We cannot possibly foresee what these people will be like; there may be anarchy in China, but we should know by now where the major Asian enemy is to whom we have to address ourselves, peacefully if possible, militarily if necessary.

The most praiseworthy accomplishment of Manila and its Declaration was the insistence on Communist aggression. The Koreans, the Vietnamese, and the Thais know well what aggression means. Some of the other participants had qualms, not to say fears, possibly assuaged by the six-months clause that South Vietnam be abandoned by foreign armies once Communist violence subsides to a level the South Vietnamese can cope with. If the Communists show themselves to be that restrained, the friends of South Vietnam will follow suit.

Qualms and fears in Manila, or about Manila, have been shared by some of our countrymen most familiar with those feelings. A number of them expressed regret that the major Asian nations had not been invited to Manila. It is the old idea of Mr. Nixon's, now advanced by President Marcos of the Philippines. One can well imagine the fiery anti-Chinese, anti-Communist declarations that could come out of a new and bigger Manila, which should take place in that auspicious land of freedom, Burma, and with the participation of some Asian nations that are big but by no means great. Why should not Red China be invited to Rangoon? And why not Taiwan?

THE PRESIDENT has made the American guarantee of assistance cumulative, just as cumulative as the enemy attacks. That way, we believe, he has gone to the heart of the matter—the only way that ultimately may lead to something like peace in Asia. As a novice in diplomacy, he has acted with amazing skill, and exhibited a modesty that,

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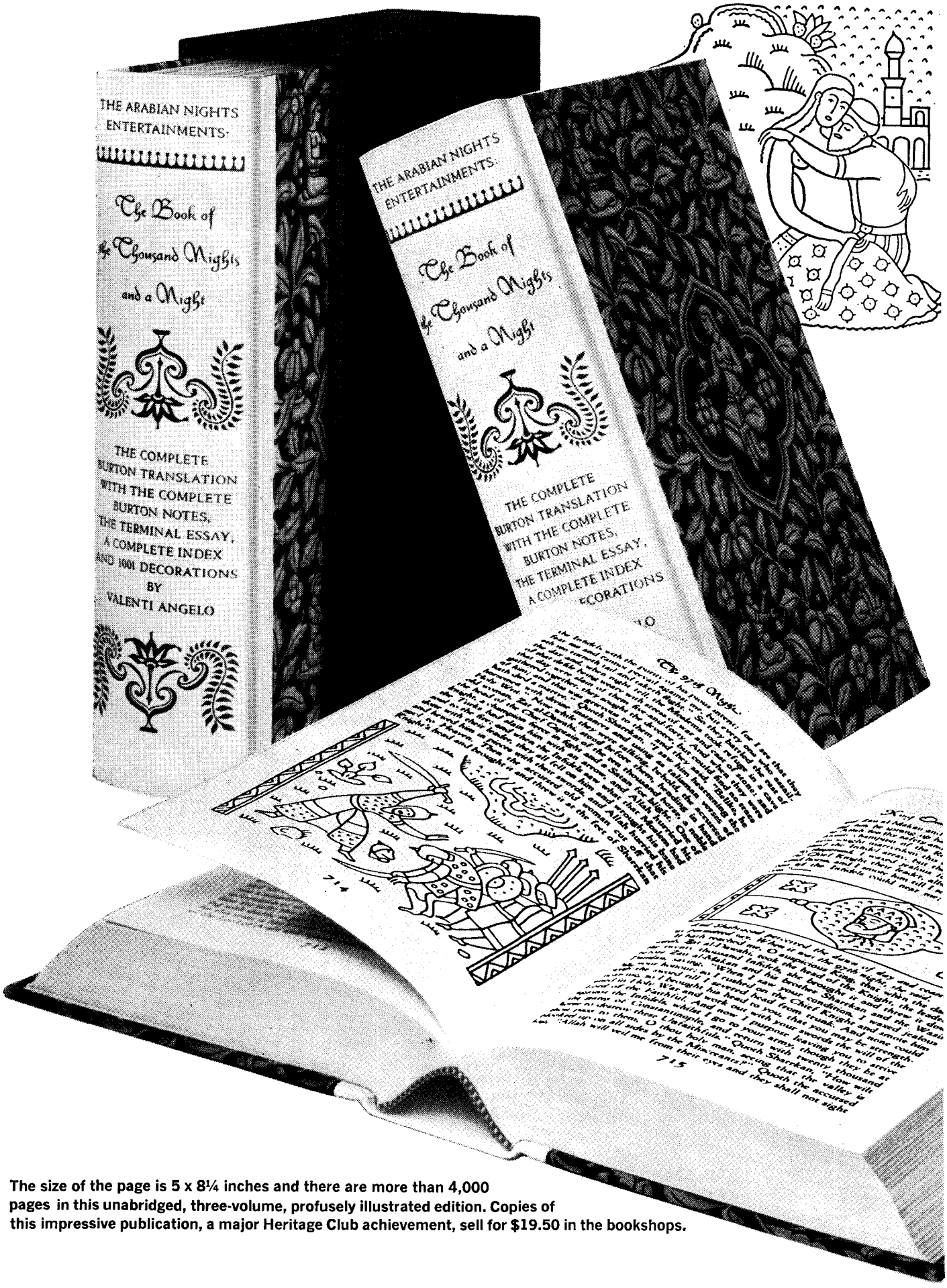
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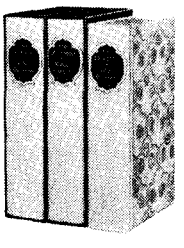

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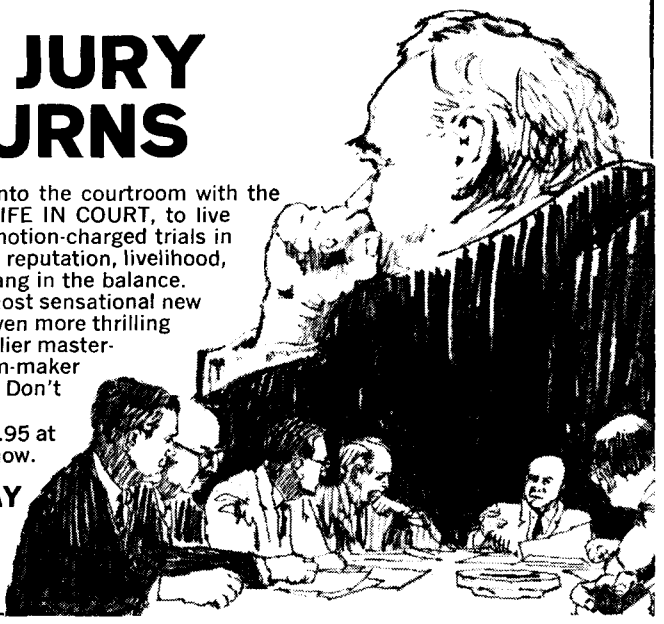

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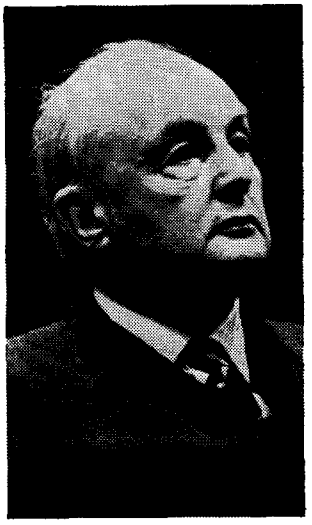

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until now, he had kept modestly hidden. But all this will not satisfy the Johnson-baiters. Nothing could. The image he projects is a by-product of his personality, not a substitute for it.

After having done a good job, he has come home sick. We wish him well and pray for his health.

—Max Ascoli

Campaign Mud

A child is heard reciting the Lord's Prayer. Suddenly a siren wails in the background. The child continues praying. Then comes a menacing male voice. "You *can't do that,*" the voice tells the child—"it's *against the law.*" Thus a radio commercial on behalf of Oklahoma's Republican Senatorial candidate, Pat J. Patterson, sought to explain the meaning of Democrat Fred Harris's vote against the Dirksen prayer amendment in the Senate. In California—"jocularly," it was later explained—Governor Pat Brown appeared on a TV spot telling two little girls, "You know, an actor shot Abraham Lincoln."

There is a long if not honorable tradition of this sort of thing in American political life. Indeed, whenever we feel gloomy about the state of campaign ethics, we find it somewhat helpful to flip back through old political cartoons—Charles Evans Hughes dressed as Kaiser Wilhelm, Abraham Lincoln roaring with laughter in a battlefield strewn with the dead. Nor has the verbal abuse grown worse with the years—it couldn't. "Murderer," "thief," and "adulterer" were the common currency of campaigning in the nineteenth century.

How do this year's elections measure up in terms of fair procedures and/or political malpractices? There are both formal and informal means of making the judgment, and both suggest that things are more or less looking up. Consider our informal indicator, Richard M. Nixon, who is now preparing the nation for his eighth crisis in 1968. Nixon provides an invaluable guide to styles in campaigning, and it is a long way, indeed, from his "Dean Acheson's college of cowardly Communist containment" to the neo-statesmanship, as it were, of statistic

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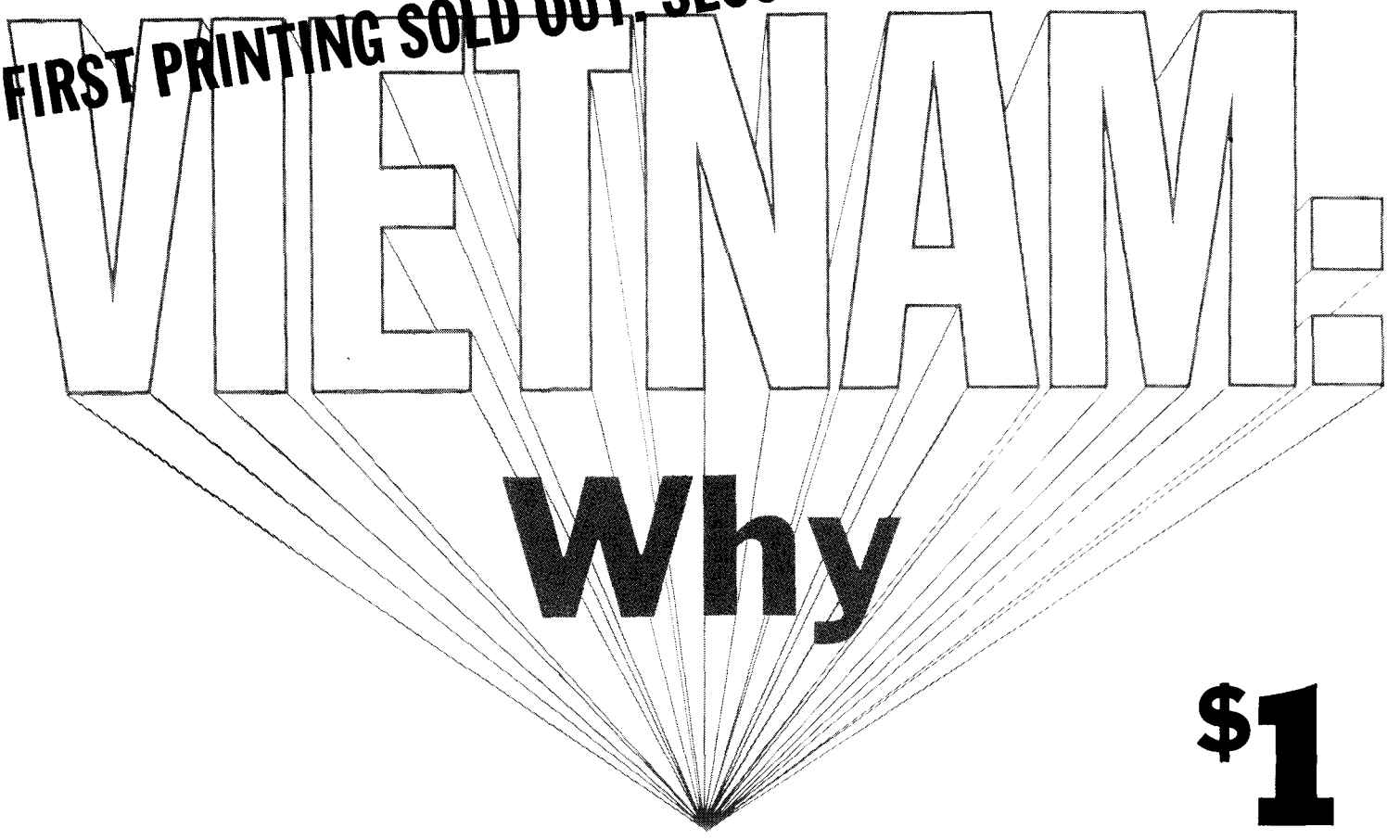

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With the first printing of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a second edition—expanded from 56 to 64 pages.

Vietnam: Why has proved, evidently, most useful to those who want to have an understanding of the situation in that country—as it affects the United States, Southeast Asia, indeed, the world. Such an understanding *is essential to all responsible Americans.*

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juggling, record rewriting, and doubt implanting that mark his anti-administration rhetoric this year.

A slightly more scientific way of confirming this trend from invective to trimming and clipping is provided by the records of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Inc. On the eve of the 1966 elections, the committee had received forty-nine complaints on behalf of candidates. Of these, the largest number alleged distortion of the record, and only six of them alleged "personal vilification."

A scrutiny of the committee's documents—both the charges leveled and the responses to them—reveals an extraordinary lack of flair and imagination in today's political hanky-panky. Typically, the offended party somewhat overstates the offense, and the offender responds with an overstated, unconvincing non-apology of his own in the I'm-glad-you-asked-that-question tradition.

Apparently the latest departure in complaints is that of guilt by association with Birchites and other forces of the far Right. At least half of the guilt-by-association cases the committee received fell in this category. We find this kind of "smear" as reprehensible as the better-known brand—and it is good to know that in right-wing circles there has developed a new sensitivity to guilt by association and a desire to repudiate—if ever so indirectly—the support of the Birch Society.

Frightened Intellectuals

"Vietnam's out," said the Berkeley student. "Civil rights is back in." Civil rights certainly was back in on a warm Saturday afternoon when thirteen thousand University of California students and faculty members sat in the Greek amphitheater on a Berkeley hillside and cheered Stokely Carmichael as he insulted them, their state, and their country.

Carmichael started softly, but when he had his crowd warmed up, he called the Berkeley campus "the white intellectual ghetto of the West," and the inhabitants of the ghetto cheered. Then he appealed to their intellect by referring to Democratic Governor Pat Brown

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and the Republican challenger, Ronald Reagan, as "clowns" and "idiots," and the students and their professors cheered again.

Responding to the roar of the crowd, Carmichael elevated the discussion to the Washington level and proceeded to talk about "a buffoon named Johnson . . . a fool named Rusk . . . a racist named McNamara." More applause, more cheers.

It was as if Carmichael were a cheerleader on the afternoon of the Big Game. But his was a litany of hate, and this was a frightening afternoon. It was not the familiar Carmichael invective that was frightening, however. It was the predominantly white audience itself, which seemed prepared to cheer anything that was said by any of the black-power rally's speakers in the hallowed name of civil rights.

There were plenty of long-haired boys, dirty bare feet, and girls in blue denim jeans and jackets. Black Panther lapel buttons were worn proudly. But not all of Berkeley is beatnik, and most of the crowd was conventional middle-class, drinking Coca-Colas, chewing on hot dogs, and glancing at the mimeographed anti-war and anti-draft broadsides.

Carmichael is not nearly as good a speaker as Martin Luther King. Almost his only oratorical device was the repetition of the last words of a sentence, as when he said that "The men who run this country are sick, are sick." Why then is he applauded when he talks of "the Thalidomide drug of integration," when he calls himself "an anti-racist's racist," when he advises young men to say "hell no" to the draft which is breathing down his own neck, when he declares that "This country is a nation of thieves and stands on the brink of becoming a nation of murderers," and when he compares the foreign policy of the United States to rape?

If the Berkeley response is any indication, Carmichael seems to be popular simply because it has become "in" for the white liberal intellectuals to follow whoever grabs the headlines by proclaiming himself with outrageous statements to be the new leader of the civil-rights movement.

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Metro North Moves Mountains

GEORGE R. METCALF

In 1959, the United States Commission on Civil Rights heard testimony that "East Harlem is a rent jungle . . . where ten and eleven human beings have been crowded into one room . . . where tenants are afraid to put their lights out at night for fear of rats. . . ." Decaying walls, sagging floors, garbage-strewn yards, broken windows, filthy hallways, littered sidewalks—all of these still characterize the area.

Before the Second World War, the upper East Side of Manhattan, now called East Harlem—a crowded, heterogeneous part of the city that stretches irregularly north from Ninety-sixth Street and west from the East River—was not in such a shambles. At that time most of it was divided into two sections known as Spanish Harlem and Italian Harlem because of the nationalities that predominated. But Irish, Jewish, and a goodly mixture of other European migrants as well as Negro families all lived there in comparative order, creating a milieu capable of producing both a La Guardia and a mafioso. The deterioration of the ensuing twenty-five years, according to William Kirk, a former Episcopal minister from Pennsylvania who has served as head of the Union Settlement House on East 104th Street for the past seventeen years, has been largely the result of a series of faulty judgments on the part of the banks and city officials. He ticks off the events that led to East Harlem's present dilapidation as easily as an ornithologist describes the plumage of his favorite bird.

First, Kirk says, because banks and loan companies had had considerable difficulty during the Depression in collecting interest and principal on their loans to East Harlem landlords, they closed off credit to them and left many in no position to take care of necessary repairs and services. The second blow to the neighborhood was the result of City Hall's reaction to the deterioration: a decision right after the war to isolate the area and to replace many of the tenements, not necessarily the worst, with low-income public housing. As the city planners should have foreseen, the bulldozers soon routed thousands of long-time residents from their homes and out of East Harlem altogether. By the time the new housing was completed, most of those who were too poor or not poor enough to qualify had settled in other parts of the city. In addition, a postwar increase in the dope traffic and a wave of addiction among teenagers afflicted East Harlem. The community's reputation sank further as it became notorious for the juvenile gangs that roamed its streets and fought with knives and guns.

Arrivals and Departures

One badly affected neighborhood was a section starting at 99th Street north of Metropolitan Hospital, a tenement and light-industrial area of about seven blocks. This neighborhood was the core of an area that

In 1955, William Harlan Hale described in The Reporter the appalling conditions and the work of some young ministers in an East Harlem district now known as Metro North. We reprint three excerpts to contrast the situation then and now.

"Manhattan's East 100th Street between First and Second Avenues, running under dank cliffs of . . . tenements peopled by Puerto Ricans and Negroes beside a gutter drift of garbage, broken bedsprings, and dead cats, boasts of no fewer than six churches. . . . The last round of census takers . . . reported that an unparalleled total of some four thousand human beings were living in its twenty-seven 'multiple dwellings'—a figure that did not include numbers of dope-ridden derelicts who huddle day and night around the bonfires of its vacant lots. . . ."

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became known as Metro North because of the hospital close by. Before the war, perhaps twelve thousand people—of diverse origins but largely Italian—had lived in these seven blocks. But when Negro and Puerto Rican families with different customs and attitudes flooded in to fill nearby city-built housing projects, what stability that had remained after the first exodus was shaken further. Of the estimated less than nine thousand people who now live in the seven-block core area, at a rough guess some forty per cent are Puerto Rican, thirty per cent Negro, twenty per cent Italian, and only ten per cent "other."

Young couples who, despite the increasing dilapidation, intended to remain in the area soon began to realize that neighborhood schools were deteriorating rapidly as they filled up with children of the more culturally deprived newcomers. These young couples began to move out, and they were joined by residents of longer standing, the Italians in particular. When city planners announced that the blocks from 99th Street to 103rd Street east of Second Avenue had been designated for more public housing, Metro North landlords put aside their repair plans for good. They began renting their deteriorating properties to more and more Negro and Puerto Rican families who, during the years of the postwar housing shortage, were delighted simply to have a roof over their heads.

THE DISTRICT'S landlords, indeed, have not had an easy time of it. One of their spokesmen, Israel Brod, who owned forty buildings ten years ago and has only a dozen now, says that politicians and social-welfare agencies have set up organizations to help tenants but that nothing has been done to relieve the precarious financial situation of East Harlem landlords. In addition, the city Welfare Department, which pays the bills for an increasing percentage of the East Harlem population, threatened under the Spiegel provision of 1962 to cut off rent to landlords who seriously violated the city Housing Code. Property owners often felt they were in the position of the biblical servant who discovered that "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Once the housing shortage had eased up and tenants could find other places to live, there were many vacancies in Metro North tenements. Profit margins diminished to the point where some of the more fly-by-night landlords simply abandoned their properties.

But however hopeless the economic predicament of the landlord, the physical deprivation of the tenants was far worse. Profits can be forgone and buildings written off, but rats, fires, leaky roofs, and unheated rooms must be endured by the unlucky families who live with them. The tenants' situation became so desperate that in 1961 Mrs. Pura Rodriguez, a mother of seven who had lived in East Harlem since she arrived from Puerto Rico in the 1920's as a young woman, helped

organize the tenants of five adjoining tenements to fight the owner for improvements. Known as the Teper buildings on 100th Street, these were considered by some to be the worst in the area. Soon tenants in other buildings began to demand better living conditions. Little by little the group of embattled tenants grew, and in December, 1963, it was established as the Metro North Citizens' Committee.

The tenants' efforts to organize were encouraged from the beginning by the East Harlem Protestant Parish and the Reverend Norman C. Eddy. Eddy, who graduated from Yale in 1942 and from Union Theological Seminary in 1951, has lived on 100th Street in Metro North since he joined the Group Ministry set up there by three other young graduates of the seminary not long after the war. The Group Ministry began as an experiment. It aimed to establish a church that would find new ways of reaching people who were not being reached by any other means. It called itself the East Harlem Protestant Parish.

'Where to Start'

The Citizens' Committee held its first meeting in the parish's store-front church on East 100th Street in December, 1963. Only twenty residents of Metro North showed up. Mrs. Mildred Ryan, who took notes and later became secretary of the Committee, is a Puerto Rican-descended housewife who had lived on 100th Street all her life and had apathetically accepted East Harlem's decay for herself and her four children. Mrs. Ryan's impression at that meeting was that "no one in the room knew where to start," and nothing in her minutes revealed the capacity for leadership for which she, among many others, has since become noted.

In the search for community leadership, weekly open meetings were held. Anyone in the neighborhood who came to voice a complaint about conditions in his building was urged and helped to take on the emotionally and physically exhausting job of organizing the dispirited tenants in the decaying buildings to help themselves. The Committee structure was purposely kept loose to involve as many residents as possible during this preparatory period. Membership in the Committee was open to anyone willing to contribute twenty-five cents a week or a dollar a month. Those who demonstrated leadership among the tenants in their own buildings automatically became members of a Workers and Organizers group that formed the backbone of the organization. But soon there was keen competition among members for elected Committee offices.

Those who attended the first meeting learned that the situation of some tenants in Metro North was worse than they had imagined. Before the meeting took place, Mrs. Addie Lewis, a strong-featured Negro housewife who had come to East Harlem from Savannah more than a decade before, had organized the tenants of her seriously neglected building to take their case to court. It developed that the owner of the

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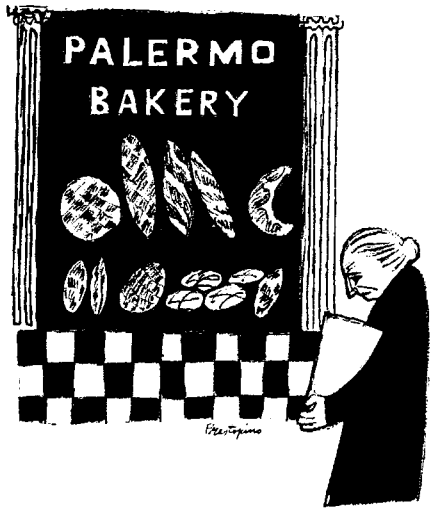
structure had abandoned it rather than make the necessary repairs, so Mrs. Lewis persuaded her fellow tenants to pool their rentals in order to pay for its upkeep. Now it was learned that three other buildings in Metro North had been abandoned and the tenants were in desperate need. The Committee moved quickly to help them organize and follow Mrs. Lewis's example. It conducted a street funeral for the "dead" buildings to draw attention to their plight. Some three months later, with help from Committee members, the tenants forced the city to take their buildings into receivership and be responsible for their maintenance. That same winter of 1963-1964, the Committee's first, it succeeded in forcing out an utterly neglectful new owner of the Teper buildings who was not providing even rudimentary services.

A serious fire soon made the Committee aware that it must learn to find new apartments for families that had been burned out. By the time another fire left some thirty families homeless in February, the group was able to help relocate them. That summer the Committee succeeded in getting vacate orders on five hopelessly dilapidated buildings and relocating the families that remained in them. In the course of all this activity, the most involved members were learning, and teaching others as they went along, what laws they were up against, what rights they had, and what channels they must go through to attain their objectives.

Although Metro North's advisers share with Saul Alinsky the aim of organizing the underprivileged to help themselves, they differ from him in that, while they are prepared to fight City Hall, they prefer to work with it if possible. Moreover, unlike Alinsky, they stay on to work and live in the community.

FROM THE BEGINNING, the Committee, at Eddy's suggestion, laid down three principles for itself. The first of these was self-help. There was to be none of the self-pity that often permeates efforts to improve the lot of the dispossessed. In adherence to this, says Eddy, "We often had to ignore the real suffering of some tenants . . . who would not get together with their neighbors and work for common goals." He estimates that active involvement by five per cent of the community would be "tremendous"—but as Metro North has proved, even a smaller percentage could move mountains.



The Committee's second principle was a determination to remain financially independent. Outside contributions come in from time to time, and the New York City Mission Society, a 150-year-old Protestant group with a network of church and social work activities through the poorer neighborhoods, now pays Eddy's salary as a community coordinator, but the Committee itself raises about $120 a month to pay office rent, utility bills, and stationery. "We can fight our own battles," Eddy says, "and no one can tell us, 'No, you can't do that, or we will stop paying your bills.'" Pura Rodriguez, the Committee treasurer, knows how hard it is to raise this modest amount from poor people, but through the donations of somewhere between three hundred and three hundred and fifty contributing members, the coffers have never gone empty.

> ". . . In this environment not even the devoted labors of Catholics have been able to make a deep dent. Apart from recourse to Gospel ranters and faith healers, East Harlem is, in the language of ministers, an 'unchurched' area, a moral jungle in which (as a parish report puts it) 'the idols of the boys are the guys who own the big shiny cars—the numbers boys, the dope pushers, the professional pimps . . .'"

The Committee's final and perhaps most important principle is the development of leadership within the community. "The natural leaders of the ghettos," Eddy reports, "must be sought out, challenged to take part in planning for their neighborhood and the city, and trained and subsidized to do so." In the process of developing leadership, Eddy has seen his role change from that of the dominant leader to that of an adviser. His objective—and he has made steady progress toward it—is to be entirely replaced by the leaders who have emerged from within the community.

Getting Results

After only thirty-five months of existence, the Committee's contributions have been significant. Twenty-one uninhabitable buildings in Metro North have been vacated, and the tenants moved to new locations; nine buildings have been demolished and eleven others refurbished by landlords under the combined threat of private and public action. Four more were forced into receivership when landlords refused to make necessary repairs; they were taken over by the city and put into liveable condition, with the cost of all repairs becoming a lien on the owner's property. Now the committee is pointing toward the demolition by the city of two vacant firetraps. The remaining ninety-three of the tenement structures in Metro North are much improved over what they were a year ago, although many would be considered deplorable in other neighborhoods.

Last spring a tenant-relocation subcommittee under the leadership of Mildred Ryan formulated plans for the relocation of some seven hundred families in buildings that will be rehabilitated or torn down within the next eighteen months and submitted them to the New York City Summer Anti-Poverty Program. With the approval of its plans in July, an $8,600 program to relocate families from nine buildings was undertaken under the direction of Edwin Suarez and his volunteer staff—all leaders from the community who

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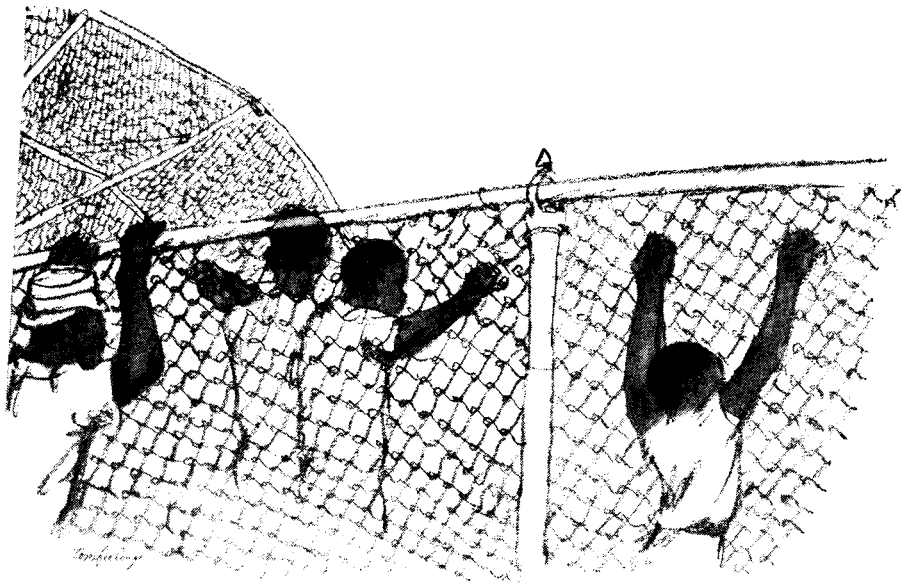
had been trained by the Department of Relocation to carry out their complex task without professional help. Only a few years ago the twenty-six-year-old Suarez was a member of the Dragons, one of the many bands of young toughs in East Harlem. Now he draws a small salary from the Metro North Relocation Program, which was launched with the ten-week summer anti-poverty grant, and is now subsisting on a small and nearly depleted private grant. He is working night and day in collaboration with the city's Department of Relocation. Members of the Metro North Citizens' Committee more and more are communicating directly with officials there and in the Office of Coordinator of Housing and Development without the intervention of Norman Eddy. Another group, known as the Parks and Recreation Committee, headed by the Citizens' Committee's present chairman, twenty-six-year old Bob Montesi, has persuaded Parks Commissioner Thomas Hoving to install a vest-pocket park and to plan a network of play areas in Metro North.



AT THE SAME TIME that it was working to improve the tenants' lot, the Citizens' Committee found itself allied with other, older forces in the community that had been working for the improvement of the area. Nearby, for instance, was Union Settlement and William Kirk, who had devoted years of effort to bring together older Italians and younger Puerto Rican and Negro leaders for the common purpose of saving the area from collapse. In collaboration with Peter D'Arpa, owner of a liquor store and an Italian-born community leader of forty years' standing, Kirk contributed enormously to the establishment in 1962 of an organization of church leaders, businessmen, landlords, representatives of all other Metro North organizations called the Metro North Association. Since its formation, the Citizens' Committee has also participated. The association, under the chairmanship of Peter D'Arpa and formed as it was of groups with a variety of interests and members who did not necessarily live in the area, had long-range and diverse goals for bettering the community and stimulating its economy. But the association was aiming for nothing less than an entirely rebuilt neighborhood. To accomplish that job, it realized that it needed a first-rate architect, a co-operative City Hall, and a concerned investor.

It knew what architect it wanted: William Conklin of Whittlesey, Conklin & Rossant, Nebraska-born and Harvard educated, whose vision of an ideal middle-class community is exemplified in the firm's plans for the new town now being built in Reston, Virginia. Having previously worked on public housing for the elderly just a few blocks from the Metro North core area, Conklin knew East Harlem and possessed a profound belief in community participation in all planning. He hoped to make Metro North a model of urban planning for a diversity of groups, but especially for those with small incomes. A survey conducted in five Metro North buildings showed that workers' earnings averaged $60 a week. Many families are on welfare; many other Metro North residents are old people living alone on Social Security.

After months of discussion and informal conversation with all elements of the community, the architects presented a plan that called for more than five hundred rehabilitated units, a public housing development of 275 apartments in the center of Metro North, 470 new units to be built and operated by community institutions, a small park bordered by shops, and a new public elementary school. After full discussion, the Metro North Association adopted this plan.

Opening Doors

The second necessity if the area was to be rehabilitated—achieving rapport with City Hall—was more difficult to establish, and here the association was helped by the Citizens' Committee. In April, 1964, a street rally sponsored by the city Department of Health to arouse tenant interest in getting rid of rats was taken over by members of the newly formed Committee. They staged a demonstration to call attention to the deplorable conditions in the neighborhood. They also enlisted the help of Councilman Carlos Rios in getting a hearing for representatives of the Citizens' Committee and the association with Mayor Robert F. Wagner. By the end of the conference, which took place that June, Mayor Wagner had accepted Metro North's plan in principle and, more important, had recognized the Metro North Association as the area spokesman. Thereafter, as one member put it, "the doors to City Hall swung open." That September the mayor's Housing Executive Committee visited Metro North to explore in detail the various components of the plan. All agreed that rehabilitation of the five privately owned Teper buildings should be the first step in executing the plan drawn by Conklin

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and the Committee, and the city offered full support for their complete renovation.

In order to help the program, however, the city's Rent and Rehabilitation Administration had to bridge the gap between officialdom and the community, to substitute understanding for suspicion. The task was not easy. A worker for RRA recalls that he felt like an intruder his first few weeks in Metro North. The people felt that the "agency, like many other groups in the past, had come to study and exploit the area. There was great hostility and resentment."

The tide of suspicion and doubt was turned by evidence that the city's much-needed help would not be imposed. The beginning of the end of the estrangement came when members of the Citizens' Committee from the Teper buildings bypassed their director, Norman Eddy, and negotiated directly with Hortense Gabel, RRA head under the Wagner régime. The step delighted Eddy, who saw it as proof of the growing self-reliance of the emerging community leadership. The Committee members came to an agreement with Mrs. Gabel that RRA would hire most staff members from the neighborhood to conduct a survey of housing conditions, run an adult employment program, and maintain a local RRA office, and that residents would participate in all policymaking decisions. They also agreed that while RRA would decide on the technical competence of its professional staff working in the neighborhood, Metro North would screen prospective staff members to see if they could work amicably with the neighborhood people.

ALTHOUGH the association had its plans drawn up and had established a working relationship with the city administrators, it still lacked financial backing. William Kirk of Union Settlement discussed the progress of Metro North and the need for funds with which to acquire the Teper property with Jane Jacobs, a renowned critic of urban renewal and an old friend of Kirk's. At her suggestion, he applied to the Kate Maremont Foundation, a Chicago organization that had bought up several properties in that city for rehabilitation. The foundation agreed to purchase the Teper buildings in the fall of 1964. To work out the agreements with the Federal and state agencies on design, financing, and rental subsidies, it sent along its executive vice president, Victor de Grazia, a man of great force and persuasiveness.

Under de Grazia's guidance, three local groups, together with Maremont, in 1965 formed the Metro North Housing Society, a nonprofit corporation that eventually will own and operate the Teper buildings and other rehabilitated and new units. The co-owners from within the community will be Union Settlement, headed by William Kirk; St. Lucy's Roman Catholic Church,

led by Monsignor Louis A. Martorella, an active member of the Metro North Association; and the newly built Church of the Resurrection, an affiliate of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, whose pastor is the Reverend Charles Farrell. To get money for the renovation, de Grazia applied to the Federal Housing Administration, which can grant loans of up to one hundred per cent of the construction cost at below-market interest rates, using funds from the Federal National Mortgage Association. Acceptance of the request is thought to mark the first time that a program initiated, planned, and sponsored by a community has been accepted for below-market, long-term, nonprofit rehabilitation of tenement buildings.

De Grazia had to face the hard fact that tenants who could afford only $40 a month in rent would need subsidies to remain in the refurbished apartments. Obviously, nothing would be gained if the apartments were restored only to have tenants forced to find cheaper quarters elsewhere. The solution to this obstacle, which only a few years ago would have seemed impenetrable, was fortunately not difficult. Through the efforts of Administrator Gabel, the RRA obtained a two-year grant for experimental rent subsidies from the Federal Housing and Urban Development Department under provisions of the Federal housing act of 1965.

Without Maremont, the Metro North Housing Society, and RRA, nothing could have been accomplished. Yet the unique factor in this rehabilitation experiment has been the work of the tenants themselves. Mrs. Bernice Archie, a Negro housewife and a long-time resident of the Teper buildings who was the first elected chairman of the Citizens' Committee, has worked as the coordinator of the Teper buildings for two and a half years, usually as a volunteer, never with more than a modest stipend. The tenants initiated the struggle to upgrade the buildings before the Committee existed. The leaders among them have made this rehabilitation possible because they insisted upon being heard and because they cared for both their neighbors and their neighborhood.

WHEN the Teper construction is completed in another year or so (just when depends on the duration of a plumbers' strike that is currently delaying occupancy of one building), tenants will hardly recognize their new surroundings. The renovated buildings will contain new heating plants, electrical wiring, and roofs; new walls, ceilings, floors, and windows; all of the 135 apartments in the six-story walkups will contain new bathrooms, modern kitchens, and closets where none existed before; four-bedroom apartments will replace many of the standard two; tenants will enjoy clean tiling and fresh paint in hallways that are now unbelievably battered and grimy.

A second reconstruction program in Metro North was undertaken by the U.S. Gypsum Company as a commercial experiment in August, 1965. The company wanted to put to the test of actual use some new building

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materials and construction techniques it had developed and believed would be applicable to urban renewal projects. When the work is finished sometime in 1967, 116 additional apartments in six tenements will be completely rehabilitated and transferred to the Metro North Housing Society. The company selected Metro North primarily on the advice of the city's Rent and Rehabilitation Administration. In the beginning members of the company had some skepticism about working with a tenants' organization in such a "difficult" community as East Harlem, but they soon discovered that the Metro North Citizens' Committee was a superb agent for developing community leadership. A Negro tenant named Zion Paige, four generations of whose family live in Metro North, has acted voluntarily as the co-ordinator of the buildings. He works nights for the Department of Sanitation and has given his mornings for almost two years to work with tenants on the intricate human problems of relocation. Neither the RRA nor U.S. Gypsum could duplicate his unpaid work and that of his volunteer building captains with the best of professional help. A mark of the success of the experiment is the fact that U.S. Gypsum has just acquired six more buildings in Metro North for rehabilitation and eventual take-over by the Housing Society.

FROM THE OUTSIDE, Metro North is still not much to look at. The most significant thing that has happened in the last three years has come from the inside—the mobilization of the inner resources of a small but dedicated group of tenement dwellers who have learned to help themselves and their neighbors. It is an impressive accomplishment.

Through the co-operative efforts of a variety of individuals, groups, and agencies, a deprived society has shown itself capable of developing its own leaders. The reluctance of the poor to move forward in the face of sensitive pride, apathy, shyness, and language difficulty has gradually melted. One has only to visit Metro North and to meet Pura Rodriguez, Mildred Ryan, Zion Paige, Bob Montesi, Edwin Suarez, Bernice Archie, Addie Lewis, and many others who are energetically working for the improvement of their neighborhood to realize what their efforts have meant in terms of pride in themselves and in their achievements. They now feel a satisfying certainty that because of what they are doing, seven rotting blocks in East Harlem will be made a fine place to live for several thousands of their neighbors.

The preparations for rehabilitating Metro North have roughly coincided with the birth of the anti-poverty program, but little anti-poverty money has come into the community, which has been forced to develop its own patterns. Al-

> ". . . What was the point of simply preaching the goodness of God the Father Almighty in East Harlem? . . . you had to start at the beginning and produce not a denomination but an actual, functioning, all-embracing church—a church that, unlike the polite or escapist sects, would move in and fight for these broken people's physical needs, beginning with the plumbing, and then minister with all humility to their souls . . ."

though each community presents special problems, Norman Eddy believes that these patterns may be widely applicable in poverty areas throughout the country: "Specifically, Metro North has demonstrated that a judicious mixture of money for housing and money for human renewal can bring about new neighborhoods, physically and morally."

According to Mayor Lindsay, New York will need $50 billion in the next decade to rebuild its most neglected areas. Because of the scale of the problem, and the fact that New York receives annually from Washington only a small percentage of what he calls necessary, the mayor has said that renewal funds will be concentrated on "the three hard-core ghetto areas that are the shame of the city"—Harlem and East Harlem, Bedford Stuyvesant, and the South Bronx. Whether the communities themselves will have a real hand in their own rehabilitation is not yet clear, however. For those who work and live in East Harlem, the most immediate question is whether the $31-million urban renewal scheduled above Metro North along the East River will be planned by the people of the area or imposed from above. Elsewhere in East Harlem, Protestant and Catholic churches in four small neighborhoods are organizing their people to prepare and execute plans for rehabilitation guided by local residents. They hope that they will be given the chance to do so.

Taking or Partaking?

The statements by Mayor Lindsay and others, as well as the emphasis placed by the administration on the Federal Demonstration Cities program, are but a few of the indicators pointing to a vast and imminent effort at urban rehabilitation. Eddy and his friends in Metro North would welcome much-needed financial aid for their neglected neighborhood. But they are apprehensive about the way it may be offered. If it goes for more bulldozers, more master plans devised from on high, more huge housing projects that obliterate the face and soul of a community—then, they believe, nothing will have been done for the reclamation of the people who live there. If, on the other hand, the people are allowed to decide what uses the aid shall be put to in their communities, the humanizing values of neighborhoods will be preserved in big cities with the added benefit that personal involvement will give confidence and competence to thousands who have never had it before.

Government, according to Eddy, "should properly take the role of co-ordinator, of strategist, of stimulator, and of auditor of the books, but without the exclusive right to determine how the money will be spent, as long as it is spent responsibly."

More important for the nation, if East Harlem, with its complex social patterns, can demonstrate that its people can prepare and execute plans in co-operation with government and private groups, it will provide convincing evidence that the urban poor have something to contribute to democracy. Certainly they will never fully partake in it if others make the decisions for them.

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The Angry Parents of I. S. 201

RASA GUSTAITIS

NEW YORK is a city grown bored with pickets, but the line in front of Intermediate School 201 on the opening day of school last September 12 startled even the average New Yorker. The pickets were deployed before a new $5-million building in Harlem that the Board of Education advertised as "New York's first windowless, completely air-conditioned school"; "with unsurpassed instructional features"; "quality instruction." It seemed a strange target for protest. But even stranger was the fact that while the demonstrators said they wanted integration, they also made demands that won the enthusiastic support of the advocates of black power.

These pickets were mostly parents and community leaders. To them the school, with an enrollment four-fifths Negro and one-fifth Puerto Rican, was not a showcase but a symbol of the Board of Education's betrayal of Harlem. For four years they had sought to make this school something special. They insisted that the presence of non-Puerto Rican white children had been promised, although school officials denied this. Since none were enrolled, the Harlem pickets now refused to believe any promises of "unsurpassed features." They saw only two ways to assure the high quality of education at I.S. 201, and they demanded either immediate integration or the right to determine what was taught, by whom, and how. Moreover, if this model school had to be segregated, they wanted a Negro principal.

While a million children returned to their classrooms all over New York, I.S. 201 stood empty behind police barricades, its 560 pupils assigned temporarily to other schools. It remained empty for nine days while frantic and belated discussions were held between the Board of Education and a committee representing parents and community leaders. The conflict became news throughout the country when Stokely Carmichael of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, Floyd B. McKissick of the Congress of Racial Equality, and other black-power advocates joined the picketing parents and the TV microphones turned toward the loudest voices, those shouting: "Black power! Black teachers for our black children!"

Frustration and Disenchantment

Weeks later, the conflict was still boiling. Although I.S. 201 opened on September 21 and relative calm was restored, the actions of the Board of Education in attempting to cope with the crisis not only added to the bitterness of the Harlem parents but also precipitated a revolt by the teachers at I.S. 201, a verbal clash with Mayor John V. Lindsay, and the mass resignation of the Harlem district school board.

Clearly shaken, the Board of Education has been forced to consider some radically new ideas and to face the growing demand of Negro communities for a greater voice in school affairs—a demand especially insistent in large cities, where school systems tend to be monolithic bureaucracies. In smaller communities, residents have considerable influence in educational matters through the election of school-board members, strong parent-teacher associations, and committees on education. In New York, the nine members of the Board of Education are appointed by the mayor; citizens are supposed to have a voice through local school boards, which are appointed by the Board of Education from members of the community. But these local boards often complain of frustration because they have only advisory power and all too often are ignored by the Board of Education.

While the Harlem group's fight to make I.S. 201 a doorway out of the slums seems likely to have lasting effects on the New York City school system, the story of this struggle is important nationally for two other reasons. It shows how unfulfilled promises of integration may cause Negroes to become disenchanted with integration as a tactic and shift them toward demands for black power. Some observers believe that it is also a lesson for public authorities in how not to deal with an angry community. No pickets need have marched outside the new school on opening day, these observers say, if the Board of Education had faced the growing crisis many months before and had talked seriously with the parents' group.

THE PEOPLE who organized the picket line were by no means irresponsible racists. They were Negroes, whites, and a few Puerto Ricans who had been active in community and educational affairs for years.

There was, for example, Dorothy Jones, a mother of four, a former educational consultant to the city's Human Rights Commission, and now a staff member of the New York Protestant Council's Office of Church and Race. With bitterness she quoted from a statement adopted by the Board of Education in December, 1954: "Public education in a racially homogeneous setting is socially unrealistic and blocks the

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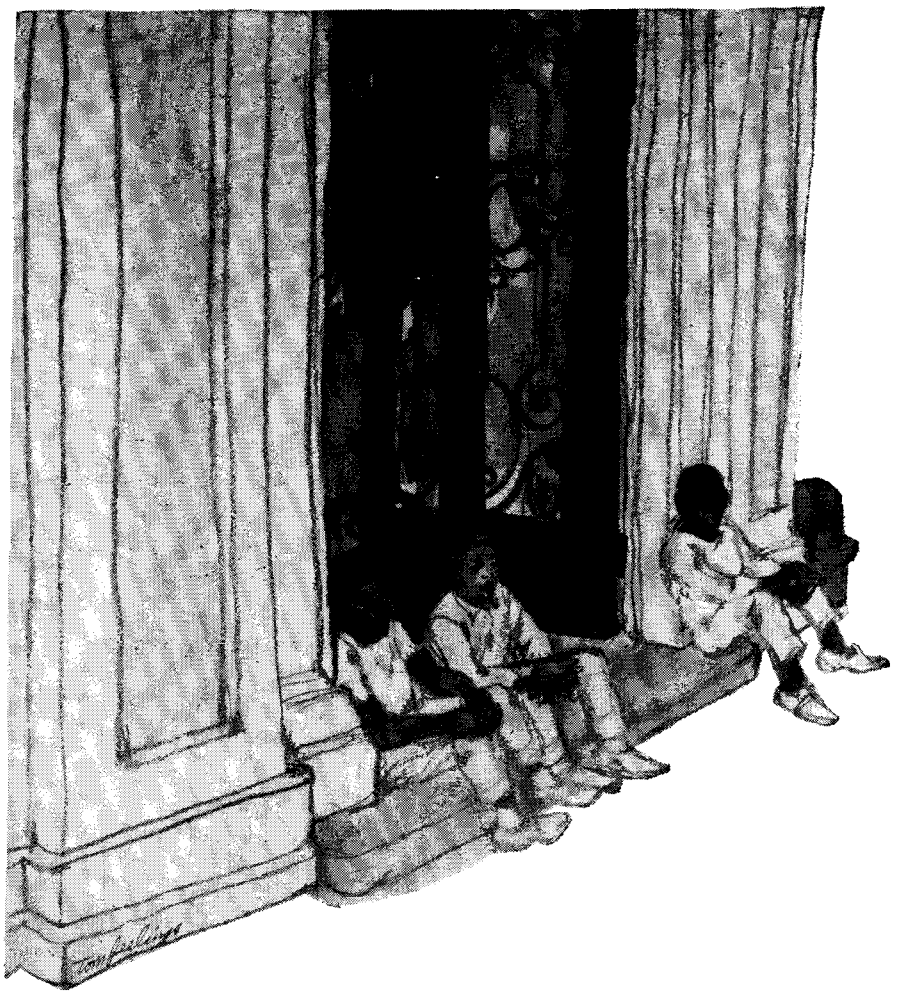
attainment of the goals of democratic education, whether this occurs by law or by fact. . . . It is now the clearly reiterated policy and program of the Board of Education . . . to devise and put into operation a plan which will prevent a further development of such schools and would integrate the existing ones as quickly as practicable."

"All that has been accomplished in the last twelve years," Mrs. Jones said, "is that there are now far fewer all-white schools. They're almost all sprinkled now with a token number of Negroes or Puerto Ricans. But the number of all-black schools has increased. My daughter began kindergarten in 1955. She's now a junior in high school and she's never been desegregated."

There was Isaiah Robinson, chairman of the Harlem Parents Committee, which organized the 1964 one-day school boycott against segregation that kept nearly half of the city's children out of school. There was Father Vincent Resta, a Catholic priest who was chairman of the local school board in the district that includes I.S. 201. There was Helen Testamark, a mother of seven and a carpenter's wife, chairman of the Harlem Parents Council (the association of PTA presidents), and a block worker for an anti-poverty program.

All were veterans of countless committees and meetings. They had testified at hearings, collected statistics, submitted reports, and demonstrated. Their exertions helped bring crash programs and remedial clinics, but these measures proved inadequate. In 1964, at the time of the massive boycott, about half of the children in central Harlem's elementary schools were reading two to five years below grade level. In 1966, the figure was 83.5 per cent. Schools with some white children attending generally reported better averages than those which were all-Negro or Puerto Rican, which seemed to indicate that segregation was a major obstacle to better education.



The Question of Site

One way to halt segregation, some in the community argued, was to stop building schools deep in Harlem. In 1962, when a site was being selected for a new junior high school, they pressed this view. But the site chosen for what eventually became I.S. 201 was in the heart of Harlem, at 127th Street beside the New York Central elevated railroad tracks on Park Avenue. (The building's windowless walls were designed to muffle the noise from passing trains.) The site was not ideal, school officials admitted, but it seemed to be the best available in that densely populated neighborhood. Other locations would have displaced many more families or put the school in an industrial zone. One official said that the local planning board and the Manhattan borough president, a Negro, were consulted before the final selection was made.

A school official who examined the records said that nobody from Harlem objected during three public hearings where the site question came up. But all these meetings were held downtown, far from Harlem, and the school was one of many items on the agenda. When the site question did come up at a public meeting in the community, opinion was divided. Some objected strongly, while others argued that any protest would delay construction of a building that was desperately needed.

Out of what they read as the consensus, Alice Kornegay, president of the East Harlem Triangle Community Association, and the Reverend George T. Fuller of the Chambers Memorial Baptist Church drew up a proposal: make the school so exceptional that students from other parts of the city would come voluntarily, provide incentives to attract superior teachers, limit class size, gear the program toward college admission, and support it by remedial work. They also included a warning to the Board of Education that there would be trouble if the school turned out to be segregated.

The parents waited with high hopes. In 1965, with construction under way on the new school, the

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board adopted a state-recommended plan designed to achieve greater integration. Under this plan, new intermediate schools (grades five through eight) were to replace junior high schools and, drawing from a wider area, bring about a greater mixture of students. The new school was designated as one of the intermediates. It was to contain special features that could attract children from other neighborhoods. The community leaders were delighted, believing that they had received an assurance of integration.

LATER, school authorities denied ever having made such a promise. But some observers think that they deliberately let the community leaders and parents go on believing the school would be integrated. "I think there was in the minds of the community the belief that this would somehow be an integrated school and that school officials played along, not stating exactly what would be what," said Mrs. Joseph P. Lash, executive director of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York, who has been a close observer of the developing crisis.

The school was to open in April, 1966; when January came and no specific plans were available, the community leaders began to get anxious. In February the shock came: there probably would be no white pupils. The district was to be gerrymandered to dig deeper into Spanish Harlem but not into any white middle-class areas.

Angry, feeling insulted and betrayed, the parents began to look at the new building in a different light. Its design, by Curtis and Davis, later won an architectural prize, but to them it looked like a windowless brick jail on pylons, surrounded by an iron fence. It was proof that the board had no intention of living up to its pledge of integration and that it held Harlem parents in contempt.

The parents resolved to make I.S. 201 "the place where the perpetuation of segregated ghetto education is going to stop," according to Babette Edwards, an anti-poverty program worker and chairman of the East Harlem Union for Equal Achievement in Schools. As a start, they collected more than two thousand signatures on a petition to de-

lay the school's opening "until such time as our community is satisfied that the education offered by the school meets the critical needs of our students." To back this up, Mrs. Testamark's Parents Council staged a demonstration in front of the office of the district superintendent. A delay was won.

'Their Own Men in Charge'

Early last spring, an informal group of community leaders drew up a new proposal, enlarging upon the one presented in 1962. They asked for a new zoning pattern designed to desegregate I.S. 201 and for fifteen other things, including a community council "to select principals and top administrative staff," a "detailed school program designed for raising achievement levels in all subjects," a fully integrated staff of competent teachers trained for this school, a Negro or Puerto Rican principal, and at least two Negro or Puerto Rican assistant principals.

Though it appeared contradictory to some to ask both for an integrated school and Negro and Puerto Rican principals, these community leaders did not think it was. They pointed out that there were no Puerto Rican principals in the entire system of more than 870 schools and only four Negro principals. "It would be important for the children to see, just once, one of their own men in charge," said Mrs. Jones.

As for the community council with hiring powers, they did not intend to make an issue of it. It was an idea that had been "tossed into the pot" for discussion, one of the leaders in the group explained.

The city's school officials saw themselves in a dilemma. Integration seemed out of the question, for they expected that few—if any—white parents would choose to send their children into Harlem. Gerrymandering the school district to include white youngsters living on the fringes of Harlem would upset the racial balance in other schools. Compulsory bussing, they knew from past experience, would create a furore among white parents.

Nor did the appointment of a Negro or Puerto Rican principal seem possible without violating professional rules. The system's only Negro with experience as principal on the junior-high level was on leave, and no other Negro or Puerto Rican had passed the junior-high principal's qualifying examination. So the board appointed Stanley R. Lisser, forty, quiet, and conscientious, who had been principal of a junior high in Harlem not far from I.S. 201. It appointed three assistant principals, one Negro and two Puerto Rican.

Then the board rescinded the gerrymander plan and drew a new district for I.S. 201, leaving it predominantly Negro. At this time, the board might still have headed off the crisis if it had presented the realities of the dilemma to the parents and shown a willingness to treat them as allies in the drive for quality education. But it chose not to negotiate seriously on the Harlem group's request for a council. Instead, school officials sent out ten thousand leaflets suggesting to parents in other boroughs that they might wish to send their children to I.S. 201—a gesture the officials must have known would be futile.

THE HARLEM PARENTS took their appeal for desegregation to the Board of Education in June, to Mayor Lindsay in July, and to U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II in August. But these efforts

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were fruitless, and they lost all hope of seeing white children in the classrooms of I.S. 201. It was then that they made a demand for "total community control" and began to press for a powerful community council.

Their effort for integration, they said, had been just a tactic, a means of guaranteeing that the school would teach the children what they needed to know to get on in the world. "It was asked for because the board said it was the answer," Father Resta said. If they could not have integration as a guarantee, Mrs. Testamark later explained, "we decided we would have to have a voice to ensure that we got quality education segregated-style. We wanted built-in assurances." The "total control" slogan was devised merely as a position from which to negotiate with the board, she said. What the group really sought was "an educational council, made up equally of parents, organization people, and professional educators—people we know and trust. This council would be responsible for seeing that the children got what is due to them."

Less than a week before school was to open for the fall term, the board consented to meet with the Harlem group to talk about the community council idea. But when the meeting began, the board's representatives refused to discuss specifics unless the demand for "total control" was dropped. The group, furious, walked out and announced a boycott of I.S. 201 to start on opening day, September 12. Superintendent of Schools Bernard E. Donovan announced that the school would open, boycott or no.

In a statement, Donovan outlined the "unsurpassed educational features" I.S. 201 would offer: a chance for all pupils to study a foreign language, a musical instrument, and typing; a maximum class size of twenty-four pupils as compared to an average of thirty or more in junior high schools; an after-school program of courses in Negro and Puerto Rican history and culture. Only three of the fifty-five teachers (twenty-six Negro, the rest white) would be teaching for the first time —an unusual situation in Harlem, where many complain that the schools have a high percentage of inexperienced teachers. And "For closer parent and citizen involvement in the school program, the school has a full-time community relations specialist."

Donovan also said that the board was ready to talk about closer community involvement "which would be as broad and meaningful as possible within the legal mandate upon the Board of Education." The parents' group was unimpressed. Donovan's words were too reminiscent of the board's twelve-year-old promise of integration "as quickly as practicable." Cars with loudspeakers appeared in the neighborhood of I.S. 201 with messages urging parents to keep their children at home the following Monday. Over the weekend, school officials did two about-faces. The board decided to talk with the Harlem group even though the "total control" demand still stood. And the board's president, Lloyd K. Garrison, an attorney long identified with civil-rights causes, announced that the school would not open on Monday, "in an attempt to alleviate community tension."

Principal and Principles

When I.S. 201 suddenly emerged from relative obscurity on opening day, leaders of political, civil-rights, and Negro groups rushed in to take part. The community group, which

had always been informal, organized itself, and anyone who had not been actively involved in the controversy two days earlier was excluded. Mrs. Testamark, whose daughter was to attend the new school, first emerged as the leader, but after an apparent personality clash was replaced by David Spencer, an anti-poverty worker who also has a child at I.S. 201. Eight Negroes, one Puerto Rican, and one white were elected as negotiators. Livingston Wingate, formerly executive director of the HARYOU-ACT anti-poverty agency, and Preston Wilcox, assistant professor at the Columbia University School of Social Work, were named advisers.

And so, while the would-be pupils of I.S. 201 were scattered into classrooms at other schools, the Harlem committee and the board finally met to negotiate. Donovan made a proposal that seemed to give the parents more control over the school than they had dared hope for months earlier: no educator would be assigned to the school if there was "sound and serious objection" from a community education council that would "jointly engage" with the board in developing job qualifications, screening and recommending the staff for assignment, and recommending and evaluating program goals and standards. "What we had won, we thought, was something extremely important—the kind of thing that small communities have," one of the negotiators said later. "I'm convinced that Dr. Donovan also saw this as an exciting experiment and that he wanted to go ahead with it."

The demand for the appointment of a Negro principal, however, had by this time gained so much publicity that it became the overriding issue. A council would take time to organize; it would remain just a promise in the beginning. If Lisser left and a Negro were appointed principal, the parents would have a tangible victory. On Saturday, five days after the opening of the fall term, Donovan and Mrs. Testamark said that they now saw their way to an agreement; the parents later claimed that Donovan had promised to see if Lisser could be transferred, although the superintendent denied ever promising the principal's removal.

The following Monday, Lisser was eating lunch in a restaurant with other school staff members when he was called to the telephone. Upon returning, he told his companions that he had decided to ask for a transfer. Donovan announced Lisser's request shortly thereafter and appointed Mrs. Beryl Banfield, the Negro assistant principal, as acting principal until an appointment could be made "by common con-

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sent" with the parents' group. But now the teachers were offended; clearly Lisser was being sacrificed to community pressure, and this was something they could not put up with as professionals. Immediately, fifty-three of the fifty-five teachers passed a resolution asking the board not to accept Lisser's request and refusing to teach without him. Mrs. Banfield said she would not take the job of acting principal because "I object to being chosen on the basis of color, not competence." One day after his transfer request was made known, the board announced that Lisser had, after all, decided to stay on. The Harlem committee charged that it had been double-crossed.

I.S. 201 opened the next day, and angry demonstrators broke through police barricades, trying to block Lisser's entrance. Blows were exchanged and five people were arrested, including Alice Kornegay. This was the morning when black-power and black-nationalist leaders first appeared to support the parents. "This was only a brief skirmish, a prelude to war," said Roy Innis, chairman of the Harlem chapter of CORE. "If I were Mr. Lisser, I would not come here. It might not be safe for him." Some demonstrators shouted "Uncle Tom!" at Negro teachers reporting to work. To observers who expressed surprise that the Harlem group, which had fought so hard for integration, was now accepting the support of black-power advocates and black nationalists, Mrs. Testamark asserted that the alliance was only on one issue involving quality education at I.S. 201 and that neither side sought to extend it further. The parents group wanted a Negro principal in this particular school, and their supporters had come to help them get him.

Mayor Lindsay visited the school unexpectedly a day after it opened and aroused anger on both sides. He praised the board for keeping Lisser at his job, but then criticized it for "clumsiness" in handling the dispute. Later he asked the parents to drop in at City Hall to discuss things with him and said the board had built "a wall of isolation" around itself. The board replied curtly that the mayor would be wise to refrain from meddling in Board of Education affairs. The parents did go to City Hall but returned home upset because nothing was accomplished.

A POSSIBLE WAY out of the impasse did not appear until September 29, when the tangled problem was taken up at a meeting called by State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, Jr. Representatives of the board, the United Parents Association, the Public Education Association, and Allen's Advisory Committee on Human Relations and Community Tensions were there, but the Harlem group had not been invited. However, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, professor of psychology at the City College of New York and author of a report on Harlem poverty, "Youth in the Ghetto," presented a new proposal that he had worked out with the Harlem committee. He suggested that a nine-member "operations board" be set up to have "exclusive responsibility for the educational activities" of I.S. 201 and the three elementary schools from which its pupils come. This operations board would be composed of four representatives from two or more universities, four representatives from a parents' advisory board, and one member selected by the eight others. Among the responsibilities of this board would be "the setting of standards and criteria for educational excellence" and "the selection of all staff." Such a board would be a pioneering experiment in big-city school administration. Involvement by universities in administering secondary educational facilities is not new, but such a large degree of control by a council of this nature is.

Opposition came quickly from the United Federation of Teachers, bargaining agent for the city's public-school teachers, which said the proposed operations board was illegal and in violation of the UFT contract. But some persons who attended the meeting called by Allen were certain that Clark had made possible an imminent resolution of the crisis. They expected the Board of Education to meet quickly with the parents' group. But no meeting was held until October 19, three weeks later. Even then, the board did not offer to negotiate but simply rolled out a counterproposal, telling the Harlem group to take it or leave it. It offered a council of parents and teachers that would be purely advisory—little more than a glorified PTA, one of the Harlem negotiators called it. Again the parents felt insulted and stalked out of the meeting.

The local school board, which had backed the parents' group from the beginning, resolved to quit unless the city board abandoned its take-it-or-leave-it position and resumed negotiations. Ten days later, with no sign of a change in that position, the local board resigned en masse—an extraordinary gesture of protest against the city board. "In theory the board's proposal is something that could work," commented the local board's chairman, Father Resta. "But an advisory role implies trust. And this community has absolutely no reason to trust the Board of Education."

THUS, as the conflict dragged on, the board alienated the Harlem group more and more. It did so by failing to observe an elementary rule in any bargaining process—never to promise, or even imply to promise, more than it was willing to deliver—and by failing to deal straightforwardly with the Harlem group. A few years ago the affair might have ended with the board's take-it-or-leave-it counterproposal. But this is not likely to occur now because Harlem has many new leaders with the time and determination to fight for a more satisfactory outcome. These leaders have developed through the various neighborhood and anti-poverty projects based in Harlem, and these projects have given them not only a clearer understanding of what needs to be done and how to do it but also funds with which to agitate and organize. "If the poverty program means anything," Father Resta said, "it means that the government is paying for its critics."

Already there are signs that the I.S. 201 story may be repeated with variations in two other Harlem schools, and it seems likely that the I.S. 201 spirit will spread even farther beyond that air-conditioned school without windows.

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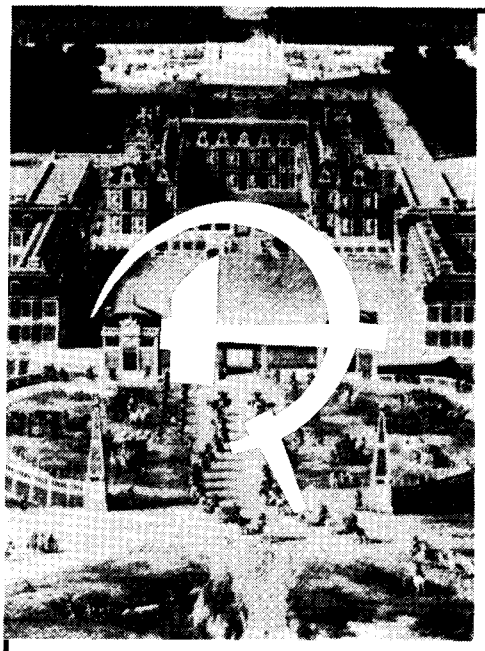

RUSSIA, BOLSHEVISM, AND THE VERSAILLES PEACE

by John M. Thompson

Associate Director of International Affairs Center, Indiana University

Throughout the peace meetings at Versailles the chaos in Russia and the threat of Bolshevism constantly intruded on the deliberations. With great perception, Mr. Thompson describes and analyzes the Allied policy towards Russia from the Armistice through the half-hearted intervention of 1919 to the acceptance of Lloyd George's proposal to resume trade with Soviet Russia in January, 1920. Thoroughly documented with previously unpublished papers, this highly revealing book probes deeply into a little-known side of the Versailles conference. $12.50

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Princeton University Press

PRINCETON, N. J.

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How did the world begin?

This giant telescope in Puerto Rico may bring you the answer within five years.

When Columbus set off to prove the Earth was round, he discovered Puerto Rico. Now scientists searching for still newer worlds are discovering the Commonwealth's unique radio-radar telescope. It may reveal how the world began. It may even tell when the world will end.

THE telescope in our photograph is the world's biggest "ear." It could detect a bicycle as far from the Earth as the Moon.

This incredible instrument fills a valley near the port of Arecibo. It has been in operation only three years but already it's turning science topsy-turvy.

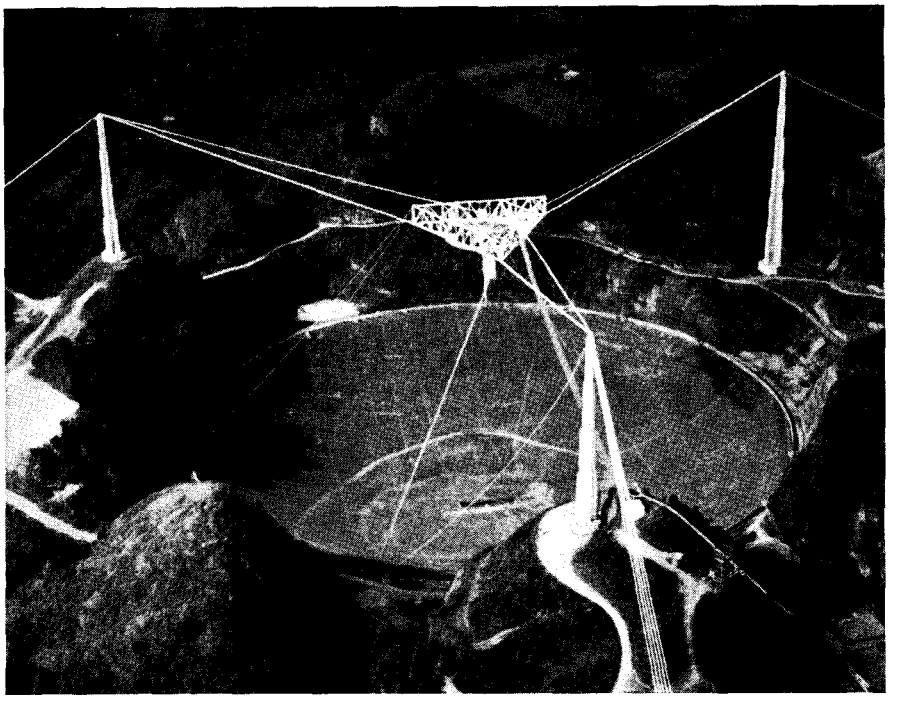
Open last year's encyclopedia and you will read that Venus revolves counter-clockwise like any normal planet. The Arecibo telescope showed that Venus revolves *clockwise*.

Turn to the chapter on Mercury and you will learn that this planet rotates on its axis in 88 days. Arecibo says 59 days.

At this minute, Puerto Rico's giant telescope may be tracking the plasma line in the ionosphere. Or jabbing radar blips *onto* the Moon to help space experts chart one complete hemisphere of the satellite.

> *Or it may be picking up radio emissions from objects far, far out on the very edge of the known universe.*

The Arecibo telescope is several times larger than any similar radio telescope. It lets astronomers "see" farther into space than man has ever seen before. And what it finds there may well be a picture of the universe as it existed near the time of its formation—because it has taken the radio emissions billions of years to reach Earth.



Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory fills natural "bowl," covers an area larger than 56 city blocks. Antenna, 435 feet above the ground, weighs twice as much as the Statue of Liberty.

Some scientists theorize that the universe began with a big bang—about 12 billion years ago.

Many take the "big bang" theory one stage further. They claim that the universe also expands and contracts, like the beating of a mammoth heart.

With the information gathered day and night by the Arecibo telescope, astronomers may be able to confirm whether the "big bang" theory is correct, or whether a pulsating universe will one day collapse again.

If it's the "pulsating" theory, they can calculate when the world will end.

Probably 70 billion years from now.

Memo to astronomers: Puerto Rico has been called a "showcase to the new nations" because its experience in building an industrial society from scratch is available to anyone.

Likewise, any qualified scientist from any country may apply for time at the Arecibo telescope. Last year, scientists from France, Italy, India, Sweden and Australia came to Puerto Rico to pursue advanced studies at the telescope. Applications to Director, Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory, Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

Memo to vacationers: If you'd like to visit a spot where history is being made, the Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory is open to the public every Sunday between 2 and 4:30 p.m. Admission free. The Observatory is about 2½ hours by car from San Juan.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION
666 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

← **Technician wears water skis** to walk across telescope reflector. This reflector receives radio signals measuring 1/1000 of a millionth of a millionth of a watt—yet it's made with *chicken wire*. The telescope is operated by Cornell University and sponsored by the U. S. Advanced Research Projects Agency.

PHOTOS BY TOM HOLLYMAN

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 157

by HENRY ALLEN

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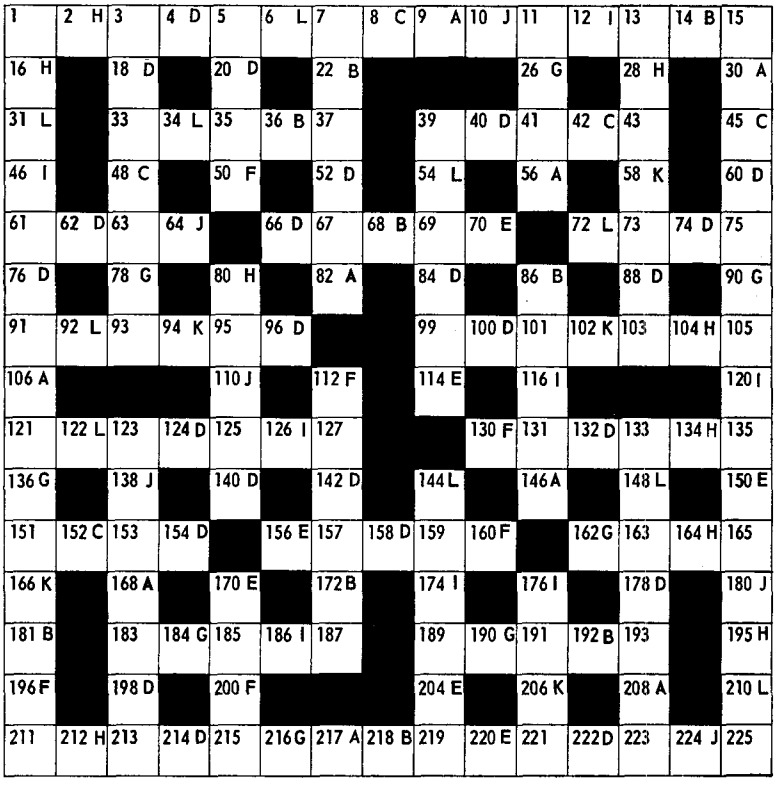
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 56 106 168 208 146 82 217 30 9 City in Texas.

B 181 22 86 68 36 172 192 218 14 American writer, 1837-1902.

C 48 8 42 152 45 "I should have fatted all the region kites/With this slave's_____." Shakespeare, "Hamlet."

D 96 52 214 198 222 154 76 140 84 4 74 60 18 178 88 62 124 132 142 100 158 66 20 40 The Acrostician heads this in his bailiwick (10,14).

E 170 220 150 204 70 156 114 "And_____ tho' the drizzling rain/On the bald streets breaks the blank day." Tennyson, "In Memoriam."

F 112 50 200 130 196 160 Entangle, entwine.

G 90 184 190 216 162 26 78 136 A whistling or snoring.

H 16 134 80 164 28 104 195 212 2 Happening every eighth year.

I 186 46 120 12 174 176 116 126 Bailiwick of the Acrostician.

J 110 10 224 138 64 180 What a landlubber is (2,4).

K 166 206 58 102 94 "The elder unto the_____ lady." Second Epistle of John.

L 6 92 31 54 122 148 34 72 210 144 Area near the sea at site of famous World War II conference (5,5).

ACROSS

1. Porgy's satiety, expressed paradoxically (6,2,7).
33. Kind of anchor to make a leg.
39. Tobacco use sounds sufficient.
61. Work the land until enough.
66. Body of land in this lethargic ocean.
72. Nomad about to bar a door.
91. Oil for a heavenly twin.
99. Radioman to cram on one frequency.
121. Another bailiwick of the Acrostician.
130. Was this the kind of nail they say that cost the assault?
151. Was the bucket plaid when it lost a penny?
156. Mythological river in Little Thebes.
162. French dear heart in an archer's skill.
183. Phonies may find a ham on board.
189. Way of outer space.
211. It might fall to your lot, too, if you're on top (6,2,3,4).

DOWN

1. The Acrostician will make many of these (9,6).
3. The clot may be a bum sole, it seems.
5. If you go there you're having a celebration.
7. Congress may be a monster without North Carolina.
11. A tough guy loses nothing and is still a tough guy.
13. A hell of a place to be.
15. Lazy in the Army and a con man outside (4,5,6).
39. Kind of day to put the kettle on?
80. The chord to make you feel better?
86. Part of the fireplace is said to be wonderful.
112. Not the wife of 7 down, but still a famous Barnum attraction.
123. How a carpenter shuts a box or a cat attacks? (5,2).
133. An ache I've managed to get.
144. This shirt will fit you to a T when you're dry.
170. The girl, they say, isn't named Storm.
176. Old heraldic verb made up of spilled glue.

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Ludwig Erhard Had a Great Fall

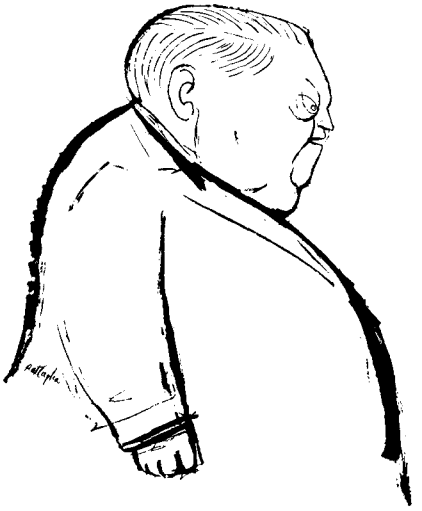
GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

THE FATE of Ludwig Erhard was ultimately sealed the moment it was discovered that he had returned empty-handed from his September visit with Lyndon Johnson. The joint communiqué issued at the end of the trip to Washington glossed over the tricky issue of offset payments: the purchases, mainly of U.S. arms, which the Germans have been making to balance the cost of maintaining American forces in West Germany. Specifically avoided was any mention of the $1.35 billion German arrears due before July. Instead it was announced that a study group including U.S., British, and German representatives would be created to examine the complex of problems surrounding the financing of Allied troops on German soil. The joint communiqué did not mention or imply any compensatory agreement on nuclear weapons or other aspects of German foreign policy.

In one last forlorn attempt, Erhard pleaded with John J. McCloy, who arrived in Bonn in mid-October at the head of the American contingent, to soften the blow of the billion-dollar misunderstanding. McCloy was obliged to inform the Chancellor that he was not authorized to discuss payments already due. At the very beginning of that fateful last week of October, Erhard was forced to admit to his own party leadership his failure to move the Americans one jot from their current offset demands, since the combined study group had been created to consider offset payments only for the future. The chain of events leading to the end of Erhard's chancellorship and the destruction of his Christian Democratic Party's uninterrupted predominance in the seventeen years of the Federal Republic's existence was thereupon set in motion.

Erhard's admission of failure to persuade the Americans to accommodate the Germans in their fiscal dilemma loomed unduly large because it inevitably occurred in the context of the deliberations preceding the presentation of the budget, first to the free Democrats, the



junior coalition partner, and then to the Federal Council for approval. Postwar German governments have been given to treating the budget like a credit card—splurge now and pay later. But the effect of this indulgence has been cumulative. The budget presented showed some four billion marks (an amount approaching the debt owed the United States in offset purchases) not covered by any government income that could reasonably be expected within the coming fiscal year.

Originally, the government had covered half this deficit by allotting the two billion marks it demanded in income and corporation taxes from the *Länder*, or states, that make up the Federation. However, the *Länder* simply refused to accede to the demand, allotting the two billion for their own purposes, and that was that. Thus there remained only two ways to cover the deficit: cut back the budget or raise taxes. In effect, the Christian Democrats refused to reduce government spending—particularly in the areas of social-welfare overhead and tax write-offs, two pillars of German prosperity that have never failed to command electoral recognition—which is what their Free Democratic coalition partners demanded. For their part, the Free Democrats refused to raise taxes—on cigarettes, brandy, and "if necessary" a six per cent increase of income and corporate taxes.

WHEN, in the heated midnight discussions that followed between the coalition partners, the Free Democrats were adjured to concentrate on issues and principles by Rainer Barzel, the leader of the Christian Democrats' parliamentary group, they obliged by putting the all-important qeustion: "For what policy, especially for what foreign and defense policies, does the government need so much money, and what are the instructions that State Secretary Karl Carstens has received for his negotiations with the Americans and the English on foreign payments?"

Ludwig Erhard could not answer the question that the younger leaders of the Free Democrats, the new men under forty, had forced their elders to ask, thereby precipitating the break of the coalition. There *was* no answer to the question.

This was the heart of the matter. In seventeen years of carefully conditioned statehood, in eleven years of strictly pro forma equality as a member of the North Atlantic Alliance, the Federal Republic has achieved not one of its major foreign-policy goals. Moreover, with the alliance in turmoil as a result

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of the withdrawal of France and insistence on the part of authoritative U.S. Senators on reduction of U.S. forces in Germany, there is now no prospect whatever of Germany's achieving any of its foreign-policy goals—at least, not as a rump member of a rump alliance with a status quo philosophy and an antiquated strategic concept.

With the collapse of the coalition a year and a day after it was sworn in on the heels of a thumping electoral victory, the Federal Republic is now treated for the first time to the Weimar specialty—a minority government. This throws the great game of politics wide open. New national elections are now possible but highly unlikely, for the present composition of the Bundestag no longer reflects the mood of the electorate—which, according to all recent public-opinion polls, has swung solidly to support of the Social Democrats. The spectacular Social Democratic poll gains make a protective reconstitution of the coalition with the FDP under a new Chancellor the most likely outcome of the present crisis. Ludwig Erhard, the man who could not command respect from the Americans, is through.

THERE IS something sad, both for the German nation and for Erhard himself, in his fall. The father of the "German economic miracle" has been brought down over the budget, and by a particularly threadbare budgetary shenanigan at that: the Federal Council, made up of representatives of the *Länder,* from which he tried to pre-empt two billion marks in taxes, for the first time rejected the budget—unanimously.

There is little question about his unmitigated good will, and no doubt that he proved to be the most amenable friend the Americans had in Germany. It was Erhard who agreed three years ago to purchase $700 million worth of arms annually —whether they were needed or not—from the United States. As Chancellor he has been almost unerringly ineffective, and especially in foreign affairs. In this respect the example he set and the fate he is suffering are ominous. The next Federal Chancellor will be constrained to adopt a much less pro-American attitude. The general reaction in Germany to the present crisis and its causes can be summed up in the words "Vive de Gaulle!"

For in the imperative process of conversion from a ward of the Western Alliance to a sovereign power with hideous border problems aggravated by the conversion itself, the Federal Republic faces tasks so enormous that only a grand coalition between Christian Democrats and Social Democrats could conceivably cope with them. Hence the welter of rumors in Bonn and Berlin concerning a grand coalition, if not today, then in the near future. The problems a coalition government would have to face include the restructuring of the federal basis of the Republic, so as to end the clandestine warfare between the Federation and the *Länder,* as exemplified by the squabble over the disposition of two billion marks of internal revenue in the government's attempt to draw up a budget. But the main purpose and the main difficulty of forming a grand coalition would be to put an end to the chronic duality of the German political posture as embodied in the existence of a Christian Democratic Chancellor in Bonn and a Social Democratic "anti-Chancellor" in Berlin who pursues an opposition foreign policy, as Willy Brandt has recently done yet again in his talks with Soviet Ambassador to East Germany Pyotr A. Abrasimov. Abolition of the duality would also involve a redefinition and probably a reconception of Germany's relations with its allies and its enemies, particularly with its chief ally, whose foreign and defense policies are no longer interpreted here today as consonant with the German national interest.

South Vietnam's Political Awakening

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

THE POLITICAL CRISIS that erupted in South Vietnam in the two weeks before the Manila Conference began as an internal dispute in the Ministry of Health. Dr. Nguyen Tan Loc, the assistant minister, reassigned fifteen doctors of northern origin to the rural areas. The doctors protested to the Minister of Health, Nguyen Ba Kha, another northerner and a member of the Dai Viet Party, that they had been transferred arbitrarily. At Kha's request, the director-general of police summoned Dr. Loc to police headquarters and kept him there overnight. The intention, it seems, was to cut Loc down to size, a time-honored Vietnamese administrative practice that began with or, more correctly, was much employed during the Diem régime and has not been eschewed by its successors. The difference this time was that it conflicted with the mood that has followed the September 11 elections and the heady belief that the Constituent Assembly marks the beginning of a new, and therefore much better, political era.

The news of Dr. Loc's detention exploded among southern members of the cabinet. Their view was that the country had taken a long step forward with the elections but had taken a much longer step backward with Dr. Loc's detention. "When a senior government official can be detained like this, what freedom does the little man have?" asked a leading southern politician. "Instead of moving toward democracy, we are moving back into a police state."

The six southern members of the cabinet, headed by Vice-Premier Nguyen Luu Vien, presented a solid front, demanding the resignation of Kha or, alternatively, offering their resignations en bloc. Since Kha and Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, himself a northerner, are friends, this posed a formidable problem for the Premier. Rather than see the southerners resign, he said, he would resign himself. The southerners replied that

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they wanted only the head of the Ministry of Health, and Ky had no alternative but to agree. He replaced him with a southerner who was a close friend of Vice-Premier Vien.

If Ky had hoped that this would end the affair, he quickly discovered his error. The southerners have for months been irked by Ky's replacement of southern province chiefs and other officials by northerners of his own choice, and specifically they were disturbed by the power that had passed into the hands of Ky's favorite "Baby Turk," Colonel Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the director general of police, who had just been promoted to the rank of brigadier general for his part in handling the Buddhist affair.

Loan wears three hats, those of chief of the national police, head of military security, and director of the Vietnamese central intelligence organization. He is an effective and courageous police chief. Under his leadership, there has been a substantially increased flow of police intelligence. His weakness is that he is inclined to act impetuously and, certainly in the case of Loc, in a way that might justifiably cause concern in a political community now beginning to talk seriously about habeas corpus and the rights of the individual. "His removal would be highly damaging," said a non-Vietnamese official who works with him. "In fact, I can think of no more damaging single act that could happen in the general field of police and intelligence work."

The Regional Split . . .

In handling the crisis within the cabinet itself, Ky demonstrated a new maturity and skill. The popular, able, but highly ambitious Minister of Economy, Au Truong Thanh, who had been in Washington for consultations, joined his fellow southerners by cabling his resignation. On his return, Ky called him in, gave him a brief chance to withdraw, and then, to Thanh's consternation and anger, accepted his resignation unilaterally. Ky then called in the Ministers of Labor and Telecommunications, the youngest members of the rebellious southern group, to remind them they were still under draft age and that should they leave the cabinet they would be liable for immediate call-up. The young men were glad to withdraw their resignations, thereby splitting the rebel ranks. Though a truce was called for the duration of the Manila Conference and Vice-Premier Vien took over as acting Premier, the crisis was far from over.

Ky was reported to have found willing southern substitutes to replace those who wanted to force his hand, but many others were adamant that Loan's police leadership had to come to an end. They were also intent on trimming some of Ky's authority by injecting more southern officers into the leadership of the air force and the marines. Ky had scarcely arrived back from Manila when ten leading southern members of the People's-Armed Forces Council presented their ultimatum: Loan had to go or they would resign.

WHATEVER the outcome of the dispute, the stability that seemed likely to persist until the Constituent Assembly has completed its task can no longer be taken for granted. More importantly, the revival of militant southern regionalism has begun to have repercussions far beyond the cabinet. Southerners have always felt that they have not had a fair share of the political spoils since the end of the Diem régime and they appear intent on making up for lost time.

The military leaders are split on regional lines. Ky leads the northern generals; General Nguyen Van Thieu, the Chief of State, and General Nguyen Huu Co, the War Minister, lead the southern faction. The differences between the two groups are deep and sometimes bitter. Co and Thieu headed the movement within the military Directory that sent General Thi, the former I Corps commander, into exile in the United States, and this, in turn, has produced something in the nature of a rapprochement between Thi and Ky.

The Unified Buddhist Church is also split savagely and bitterly on regional lines, with Thich Tam Chau, now contemptuously referred to as Thich Dollar, leading the rump northern group. Thich Tri Quang is still the leader of the central group of the Buddhist Church, which, having tried to destroy the country, is now intent on self-destruction. Rival institutes under rival leaders have been set up in Saigon, and it will be years before the monks are ever taken seriously again.

The Catholics are divided many ways. It took some days of careful analysis by Catholic leaders to determine that there had been something of a Catholic revival in the Constituent Assembly election and that Catholics running under a variety of labels had won thirty seats (against thirty-four for the Buddhists). Even this high figure for the Catholics may be a heavy underestimate. One assemblyman who has made his own count says that Catholics actually won fifty seats. One Catholic is even working closely with the Hoa Hao bloc in the Assembly, and many others put political considerations ahead of religious affiliation. In general, however, the northern and southern Catholics are divided on the war. The northerners, politically more militant, are intent on prosecuting the war to the end, in some cases even if this means marching north, while the southerners are more concerned with exploring the paths to peace.

. . . and a New Awareness

In one sense, this emergence of latent regionalism is another divisive factor in the Vietnamese scene. In other and much more important ways, it represents increasing political maturity. Street demonstrations and the highly inflammable and dangerous use of religious emotionalism as a basis for political action are nightmares of the past. Politics, real politics, has suddenly become more sophisticated and certainly much more important than ever before. In the seventeen years I have been regularly visiting this country, through the years of the Bao Dai experiment, the Diem era, and the upheavals of the post-Diem era, there has never been such genuine political activity as there is today. Threescore registered political parties with resounding titles and neither membership nor platforms have been pushed aside, and the serious creation of blocs and alliances—the word "party" is so discredited that no one wants to use it—has begun.

In this context, the seemingly di-

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visive nature of southern regionalism assumes a much more positive appearance. Potential political leaders and would-be Presidents have suddenly become aware that the narrow horizons within which they once operated are not broad enough to meet the requirement of a national election. If, as some claim, the southerners are revealing their inferiority complex by asserting themselves as southerners rather than as Vietnamese nationalists, they are nevertheless staking a claim for political consideration that no potential national leader can afford to ignore. The result is that emergent groups and blocs are fully conscious of the need to reach an accommodation not only with the religions and the sects but also with regional factions. Willy-nilly, they are obliged to cut through all the old boundaries and to look for alliances in camps that were hitherto regarded as incompatible. In short, politics has come to Vietnam, and, for the first time, there is at least the hope that some day not far off the men and women in the paddy fields whose hearts and minds are still available will be able to identify themselves with the government in Saigon.

YEARS AGO when the Diem régime was nearing its close, a cynical Vietnamese friend told me that though the Americans could teach the Vietnamese many things they could not teach them how to love their country. Only the Vietnamese can do that for themselves, and at last the process may have begun. For this change the Constituent Assembly elections deserve full credit. Many of the elected members of the Assembly are confident that the elections were wholly honest. Dr. Phan Quang Dan, who repeated his provincial election success of May, 1965, in Gia Dinh Province with another walkaway victory, points to his own heavy vote at the Thu Duc military school as an example of noninterference on the part of the military. Dan got 2,800 votes at the school, while his nearest opponent, an instructor at the school running on the military ticket, got only seven hundred. Observers nominated by Dan watched the polling at every booth in his electorate. All were sure that there were no irregularities or vote padding. Again, in Danang, a Vietnamese Air Force captain running on the military ticket came in fourth in a field of five.

In Dalat, however, military officers admitted that they had voted twice to make sure the numbers were high enough. In another area an American official reported that one man voted not only for himself but also for several hundred of his colleagues whose duties kept them from the polls. In the 5th District in Saigon one candidate subsequently said he had been promised that the 5th ARVN Division would be brought into the city to vote on his behalf. Late in the afternoon, however, when it was discovered that Tran Van Van, chairman of the People's-Armed Forces Council, seemed certain of defeat, the 5th Division's votes were swung to Van.

After making due allowance for these and other irregularities, the elections were, as the newspaper *Tu Do* described them, "largely representative and appreciably democratic." If the military Directory hoped to retain the reins of power through the elected bureaucrats and military men in the Assembly, it was quickly disillusioned. One military candidate won on an anti-Directory platform, and several others of the twenty elected have shown considerable independence of thought and action. At best, the Directory probably can count on the support of no more than thirty members of the Assembly, an insufficient number to provide the veto power implicit in Article 17 of the Electoral Law, which gives the Chief of State the right to propose amendments that can be rejected only by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly.

AS WAS to be expected in a group that is so inexperienced and so heterogeneous, the Assembly was slow to get down to the business of constitutionmaking. Apart from twenty-three provincial and municipal councilors, such proceedings were new to most, especially to the thirty-six members who are under thirty-five.

A newspaper cartoon lampooned the Assembly as a tortoise, but, like the tortoise, it seems likely to reach its goal and to produce a constitution ahead of the March 26 deadline. Already five separate draft constitutions are circulating, and among bloc leaders and others who may be expected to carry weight in the Assembly there is a broad measure of agreement on the type of constitution Vietnam needs. The presidential system is uniformly favored, with the President to be elected by direct vote of the people. Whether there should be both President and Premier, as in the Korean and French models, or only a President and Vice President, as in the United States, remains a matter for debate. With memories of the Diem régime still fresh in mind, most groups want a strong executive but with all the necessary checks and balances through the National Assembly and an independent judiciary, to ensure that strength does not become equated with dictation.

If anything, however, political activity outside the Assembly is not only more interesting but more important. Relatively few nationally significant figures, either in the military, the professions, commerce, among the intellectuals or among the old-line politicians, contested the elections. Phan Khac Suu, who had served briefly as Head of State and who again (primarily because he is a southerner) was elected chairman of the Assembly, was an exception. So were Phan Quang Dan, Tran Van Van, and Dr. Dang Van Sung, publisher of the newspaper *Chinh Luan*. The others are now making up the leeway.

The Contenders

In organization and finance, the group that at present seems to be most powerful is one that includes Tran Van Van, a dour and indefatigable worker and one of the richest men in the country, former Premier and Harvard economist Nguyen Xuan Oanh, and some former generals. This group brought together participants in all three attempted coups d'état against Diem. One of the generals is the chairman of a southern old boys' association that draws its membership from former students of the four lycées founded in Cochin China during the French period. It includes most of the southern elites in all walks of life. Its political potential is highly significant, and of this no

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secret is made. The group's choice of a figurehead, surprisingly enough, is General Duong Van Minh, better known as Big Minh, who did nothing to distinguish himself as Chief of State in the months following the November, 1963, coup. Minh, who has been living in exile in Bangkok, is indolent, ungifted, but popular. If he does return to make his bid, his running mate will be Oanh, who, depending on the final form of the constitution, will seek either the vice presidency or the premiership.

One of the group's weaknesses is that it is too formidably southern. Aware of this, it is now working to cross regional, religious, and party lines and claims support, perhaps overoptimistically, from Buddhists, Catholics, Hoa Hao, Cao Dai, and Dai Viet. It is accused by rivals of being neutralist and pro-French, a charge that leading members deny while criticizing the conduct of the war. "The Americans are still backing Ky and Thieu and that is a mistake," said Oanh. "They're trying to use a sledgehammer to crush the badly armed Vietcong and this is another error. The Vietnamese people must identify themselves with the war—and they don't." Just how the group would do better, however, is still a close secret.

Another candidate, openly in the running, with a program of radical land reform and social welfare, is Dr. Dan of the National Democratic bloc. His plan is to organize grassroots support in the provinces, but he lacks finance and, so far, a substantial southern figure to run with him. His frankness in the past has not won him friends among other political leaders, and, unlike his rivals, he has never bothered to court either the Buddhists or the Catholics. His obvious integrity and his forthrightness are appealing characteristics, but Vietnamese political observers doubt that these will be enough to lead him to victory.

Dr. Phan Huy Quat, who also served briefly as Premier, is the leader of another group with strong Dai Viet support. Quat used to be close to the Tri Quang faction in the Unified Buddhist Church. His group numbers men like Tran Van Tuyen, who served as his Deputy Premier, and Tran Van Do, the perennial Foreign Minister, but at this stage it lacks the dynamism of its opponents.

WHERE the military will fit into the scene is still unclear. If Dr. Dan has his way, the constitution will require that military candidates resign their commissions long in advance of the elections. More than ever, the revival of southern factionalism both inside and outside the government has cast Thieu and Ky in the role of opponents, not allies. Thieu is highly astute, and, as a Catholic, may eventually find a place for himself at the head of the group. Ky, a professed nonstarter, has obvious ambitions. He lacks popularity but, more than most of his rivals, has undoubted drive.

In the months to come, some groups will find the costs and the organizational requirements beyond their means and capacities. Predictably, there will be new splits and mergers. Far from being retrograde steps, however, these seem likely to contribute to the development of a more healthy political climate than Vietnam has ever known before.

The People's Revolutionary Party, the southern branch of the Lao Dong (Communist) Party of North Vietnam, is well aware of this. Having failed to upset the elections on September 11, the PRP has now begun a major campaign to extend its hold in Vietcong areas. Statements originating with the National Liberation Front and captured documents confirm that high priority is now attached to "strengthening political work." "The party is telling people that party control is not just necessary but the only way to avoid defeat," said an American official whose constant field of study is the Liberation Front.

Although from time to time reports from Vietcong areas confirm that the North-South rivalries that have now become so apparent on the government side are also reflected to some extent within the Front, it is not possible, at least from sources to which I have access, to gauge whether the continued inflow from North Vietnam and the political stranglehold the northern-directed PRP seems intent on imposing could lead to an exploitable split in the Vietcong ranks. It is a possibility that deserves, and belatedly is receiving, considerable attention. The early tendency to dismiss the Front as a wholly Communist organization is being reviewed. Vietnamese who know them have always insisted that though Nguyen Huu Tho, the chairman of the Front, and Huynh Tan Phat, one of the vice-chairmen, were fellow travelers, they were far from being doctrinaire Communists in their Saigon days.

Whether they or their fellows could be, or would want to be, split away from the rigid Lao Dong-dominated PRP is no more than a matter for conjecture. If the possibility does exist, however, it can scarcely remain unaffected by the political developments we are now seeing in Saigon.

"This is where the breakthrough may come," said one American official. "Before it comes in Washington, or Hanoi, or Peking, we may see it here with southerners on both sides getting together and deciding that the time has come to end the war." This is no more than crystal-ball gazing. Yet it would be highly unwise not to recognize the political forces that were unloosed on September 11. No one can predict where they may lead at this stage, but they will not be easily controlled.

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Coming to Grips With Unemployment

SAR A. LEVITAN and GARTH L. MANGUM

THE LABOR-SHORTAGE story, standard front-page fare in recent months, has now received the endorsement of the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Gardner Ackley. Business publications report a frantic search for manpower that has put the handicapped and women to work pushing brooms and manning factory machines as in the days of the Second World War and the Korean conflict. Now, in a recent address, Ackley has argued that finding work for the nation's three million unemployed is no longer a task of increasing the number of jobs but of qualifying workers to fill the vacant jobs.

Nation's Business, a publication of the United States Chamber of Commerce, finds no difficulty in explaining this anomaly of millions of unemployed and jobs going begging. It asserts that unemployment could be virtually eliminated in the United States were it not for a gigantic plot by Federal bureaucrats and advocates of the welfare state. According to *Nation's Business*, there are more job vacancies than idle men, but the government has shirked the responsibility of publishing job-vacancy data lest the reduction of unemployment weaken the case for further expansion of the welfare state by exposing malingerers.

Support for the claim that job vacancies are as widespread as unemployment comes not only from newspaper stories but also from "scientific" studies. A report of the Manpower Research Council, sponsored by Manpower Inc., a nationwide firm providing temporary help, has been widely publicized. Using a sample survey, the Manpower Research Council found that unfilled jobs among the surveyed corporations equaled four per cent of their total employment. Since that percentage approximates the national unemployment rate, some have reached the facile conclusion that full employment has been reached. The conclusion leads to two policy recommendations: cut back on Federal expenditures before labor shortages become more inflationary or accept four per cent unemployment but provide better services to its victims.

THE ARGUMENT is not a new one. Even in the first years of this decade, when unemployment hovered between five and six per cent, fiscal conservatives maintained that no job shortages existed. The problem, they claimed, was one of matching square pegs to round holes—the jobs were there but people had the wrong skills, or lived in the wrong places, or lacked incentives. Their solution for the problem of unemployment was the same as it is now: well-publicized government statistics about job vacancies and a modest government training program.

The result was the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962, which provides income support for the unemployed while they undertake training. It was supported by fiscal conservatives as a substitute for stimulation of demand and by the fiscal liberals as good in itself. The measure has been revised three times. In each case Congress has given the program's administrators pretty much what they asked. And well they might, for MDTA has helped many unemployed individuals to find jobs and the benefits from the program—measured in increased earnings and higher taxes—have exceeded the costs. MDTA and other training programs have done very little to reduce unemployment, however, because training people does not create jobs, and lack of jobs was the basic problem between 1957 and 1965. The tax cut in 1964, followed by the buildup in Vietnam, not the training program, was primarily responsible for lowering the rate to four per cent. Anti-poverty measures have helped to cut unemployment below that level.

But much remains to be done to get our domestic economy in order. The incidence of unemployment among Negroes has remained double that among whites. And it is particularly disturbing that in the present tightening labor market Negro unemployment during recent months has actually increased. In central-city slum areas the level of unemployment is even higher than the national figure. Providing work for the hard core of "unemployable" persons is, indeed, not so much an economic problem as it is a matter of social urgency.

The widespread belief that jobs go begging for lack of applicants makes it harder to get support for programs to create new jobs. Regrettably, there is no conclusive evidence to disprove the claims that job vacancies actually equal the number of idle workers. We remain one of the few western industrial nations with no measure of job vacancies. Strangely, the absence of a job-vacancy measure must be attributed primarily to the organization that would have the most to gain from disproving the alleged unemployment=job vacancy equation: the AFL-CIO. The Department of Labor has been anxious to undertake a

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job-vacancy statistics program but has been stymied by AFL-CIO strategists who have a pipeline to the House Appropriations Committee subcommittee that controls the Labor Department's budget. Organized labor's opposition to the collection of job-vacancy data is based on the rather unconvincing argument that the public and Congress might be misled into minimizing unemployment problems if information that job vacancies also exist became generally available.

The Match Game

Job-vacancy data are not totally unavailable, however. Despite objections to a regular nationwide job-vacancy survey, Congress authorized the Department of Labor to conduct pilot studies in major metropolitan areas during 1965 and 1966 to develop survey techniques. The department has been forbidden to publish the results of the pilot surveys and precluded from undertaking a broader enumeration. Despite the secrecy, it is possible to put together a picture from testimony before Congressional committees based on the information collected by the Department of Labor. These data suggest that the number of job vacancies has increased as unemployment has dropped over the past two years. Still, after increasing from 1.1 million in 1964 and 1.4 million in 1965, the number of job vacancies in the United States in August, 1966, was apparently only 1.8 per cent of total employment, or less than half of the total unemployment in the country.

What are the policy implications of a 1.8 per cent job-vacancy rate compared to a four per cent unemployment rate? Of course, 1.3 million jobs (1.8 per cent of those employed) is a lot of jobs and some of them should be matchable with some of the 2.9 million unemployed. Many see job-vacancy data as a means of bringing about that match. The expectation, however, reflects a misunderstanding of the nature of job-vacancy statistics.

The data, if available, would be no more likely to answer the questions on where the vacant jobs are, what their requirements are, and what they pay than unemployment data would describe who is unemployed, why, and what kind of job he is looking for. Employers in a job-vacancy survey are apt to be asked questions very much like those asked in present monthly surveys concerning unemployment, e.g., "How many vacancies were you actively seeking to fill last week?" Employers have shown a willingness to co-operate in answering this question, but they might not be if they thought it would be followed by a flood of referrals from the public employment services.

Job-vacancy data can serve as economic indicators, they can identify communities and occupations with a shortage of labor, and they can furnish guidance to training efforts. But only job orders placed with the public employment services can actually be used to refer the unemployed to job openings.

This type of information is already obtainable from the United States Employment Service, which in co-operation with state governments operates some 1,900 employment offices throughout the country. While some of these local employment offices do an excellent job in obtaining information about job openings and in disseminating the information to

job seekers, many more perform this task rather poorly. The need is to improve the local employment services. Not surprisingly, however, many people who advocate national job-vacancy data as a cheap panacea for unemployment problems consistently object to raising the budget of the USES.

Data Are Not Enough

Special programs are needed to raise the employability level of those stranded in depressed areas and central-city slums. For some of these jobless, basic education and training is the first step toward qualifying for employment. At the same time, basic income must be provided for them while they are learning. Others are unable to find jobs because of their isolated location. This applies not only to the unemployed miners in eastern Kentucky or West Virginia but also to the residents of some big cities. A major cause of high unemployment in Watts (exceeding thirteen per cent) is apparently the lack of public transportation facilities, and the same may be true in other central-city areas. As the jobs move to the suburbs, the residents of such areas can be stranded simply for the lack of better transport or a car.

Some idle workers who live far from sources of employment will have to be relocated. The young and the educated have always moved where employment opportunities exist and will continue to do so without any outside help. Most persons, however, need assistance to overcome such barriers to mobility as family obligations, community attachment, and the inadequacy of housing facilities in big cities. While Congress has been generous in appropriating money for training, it has supported relocation of the unemployed only sparingly. Congressmen, it seems, do not want Federal money used to relocate their constituents. So far, Federal assistance has been limited to a few pilot relocation projects, and a great deal more can be done in this area.

Job-vacancy data can also be helpful, but the mere knowledge that openings exist is not sufficient to fill jobs. Employer and union prejudices must be broken down. Automobile manufacturers in Detroit were actively seeking last summer to fill three thousand jobs. But in line with traditional requirements, these are "men" jobs though many of the vacancies could have easily been filled but for prejudice against hiring women in certain jobs.

Many potential workers have completely dropped out of the work force and are not even looking for jobs because of repeated disappointments and failure, either their own or the example of others in the slums where they have grown up. To bring these persons into the economic mainstream, they must be reached and encouraged to make the effort. The U.S. Employment Service does very little to help those who are not actively seeking

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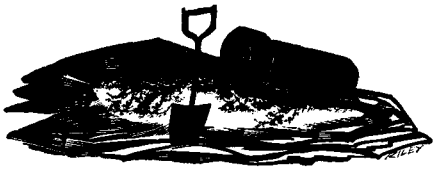
work. Some anti-poverty programs have focused on this problem. A major responsibility of neighborhood centers established by local anti-poverty agencies in slum areas is to identify both persons in need of work and available jobs in the community that they could fill. Some of these neighborhood organizations have had considerable success and their experience has stimulated some public employment offices to intensify their efforts to help place the most disadvantaged poor in jobs. But all the job-vacancy data and even the most effective work by the public employment services will not create jobs for many of the truly disadvantaged, persons who are either not equipped or not acceptable to employers under present conditions. The exact number of these is not known, but their number may exceed half a million.

IN THE PAST, unemployment of four per cent would have brought to the nation a comfortable feeling of self-satisfaction and public policy would have shifted from concern with unemployment to anti-inflation. That we now find ourselves wavering between the two at present is evidence of an increasing sensitivity to the plight of the disadvantaged in our society—in particular of the hard-core "unemployables," most of whom are Negroes.

Increased demand could generate increased employment, encouraging employers to reach more deeply into the ranks of the unemployed. The ability of Western European nations to maintain unemployment levels below two per cent is tantalizing, but we are unwilling to pay the price. Though low unemployment is accompanied by price increases that exceed our inflation tolerances, they do not generally appear to be causally connected. Most of the recent price increases are in food and services, particularly medical services, which are little related to the state of the economy. Even the recent much-publicized excessive wage settlements are not in occupations with pressing labor shortages. Nevertheless, the prevailing opinion is that labor shortages are the cause of present inflationary pressures.

Fiscal and monetary policies have obviously been inadequate to meet the pressing needs of large groups in our population. Even the most optimistic administration spokesmen do not anticipate that these over-all economic measures will meet the needs of the deficiently educated, the unskilled, and the culturally deprived. With Chairman Ackley's warning against further attempts to reduce unemployment by stimulating the economy, we are left with only second-best alternatives: (1) leave unemployment where it is, either ignoring or mitigating by welfare measures its impact on those disadvantaged in the competition for jobs; (2) make marginal improvements in the ability of the labor market to match men and jobs through training, relocation, information, and better employment services; or (3) create jobs that fit the abilities and limitations of the hard-core unemployed. The last alternative deserves greater consideration than it has received thus far.

Despite technological development, unskilled jobs are not disappearing from the U.S. economy. Faced with the pressure of demand, employers will use the labor available; but if the obstacles are too



great, they may consider it less costly to resort to overtime or to bid against each other for already employed workers than to dip more deeply into the unemployed.

The Price: In Billions

An important step toward matching job vacancies with jobless workers would be to open up housing for Negroes in the suburbs where the jobs increasingly are to be found. Indeed, public reluctance to take this obvious step is being subsidized by more costly and less efficient measures. Barring that approach, perhaps the most efficient way to provide employment for the chronically unemployed, as was recently suggested by the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, is for the Federal government to assume the responsibility for public-service employment as "an employer of last resort, providing work for 'hard-core unemployed' in useful community enterprises." There is ample socially useful work to be performed. Actually we have moved a considerable way down the special job-creation road. The poverty program's Neighborhood Youth Corps, Work Experience, and related measures already provide jobs and training for some 400,000 youths and adult poor, at an annual cost of more than a billion dollars. Recent amendments to the Economic Opportunity Act will somewhat extend these programs.

The solution is not a cheap one, however. If the unemployed were supplied jobs at the prevailing minimum-wage rate—which will be raised next February to $1.40 an hour, thus making it still more difficult for the disadvantaged to get jobs in the open market—the annual cost of filling a public-service job would be about $4,500. This would include, in addition to wages and fringes, the cost of supervision and administrative overhead, as well as provision for the remedial basic education so necessary if these workers are to be boosted eventually into the competitive labor market.

Supplying such jobs to the chronically unemployed would be expensive but not inconceivable. The rub comes with the recognition that several million persons not protected by minimum-wage legislation now work at jobs paying less than the current minimum wage. Would the guarantee of employment at the minimum wage extend to them as well? It would require radical changes in our social attitudes to answer this question affirmatively, and pervasive institutional changes would be needed to implement such a commitment. There is no indication today that guaranteed employment at the prevailing statutory minimum wage carries high political priority.

Full employment is nearer today than it was two years ago but it is still elusive. The achievement of full employment is a costly business, but so is the social disorganization accompanying unemployment. Job-vacancy data might illuminate the dilemma but would contribute little to its solution.

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Strong Medicine For Britain's Economic Ills

CLAIRE STERLING

LONDON

GREAT BRITAIN exports soot blowers to Saskatchewan, bidets to Iraq, sauerkraut to Germany, crossbows to Russia, hamsters to Sweden, cesspool emptiers to Chile, earthworms to the United States, and pedigree dogs to canine fanciers everywhere. It is the world's largest exporter of tractors, commercial road vehicles, woolen textiles, radioisotopes, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, pianos, bicycles, caravans (house trailers), china clay, coins, telephone and telegraph equipment, rubber tires, paints, portable fire extinguishers, and pre-stressing equipment. It has the world's second biggest aircraft, office-machinery, and oil-refining industries, and the biggest petroleum chemical, paper, and clothing industries in Europe. Its exports last year amounted to $15 billion, and its overseas assets of $46 billion rank second only to those of the United States. It is the world's third largest trader, and its currency finances a third of world trade. So what is the matter with Britain?

During the last ten years, Britain has dropped from third to seventh place in per capita income, its productivity has fallen below that of all Europe north of the Alps, and its Treasury has had to strain every nerve to head off repeated runs on the pound. Now, for the fourth time in these ten years, the British are afflicted by what is known as a squeeze, the "stop" phase of a "stop-go" cycle that has carried the economy from inflation to deflation to reinflation in a frustrating round. Since the latest "go" phase brought on the worst inflationary bout of them all, the squeeze this time is the toughest yet: a tight rein on credit; severe cutbacks in public investment; a fresh surtax on the already steep surtax on incomes; a new selective employment tax; still higher taxes on whisky, beer, and other consumer solaces; stiff limits on installment buying; and a complete standstill on wages, prices, and dividends enforceable by law.

Since these measures seem momentarily to have appeased the international bankers—those insatiable gnomes of Zurich—they undoubtedly will save the pound sterling again. Whether they are going to save the British economy is another matter.

The Gay Grasshoppers

A visitor in London these days would hardly believe that Britain's economy needs saving. The streets are choked with cars, the shops with elegant merchandise and avid shoppers, the restaurants and discothèques with diners and dancers who think nothing of spending one or two hundred dollars on an evening's entertainment. It has been many years since the capital has looked so gay.

According to the high priests of finance, that is the trouble. Britain, they say, is suffering from a crisis of overconsumption. Its people are paid too much for what they produce and buy too much of their own manufactured goods. The soft comfort of this home market has cushioned manufacturers in flannel and flab, so that they have no incentive to produce more, and more cheaply, for sale abroad. Hence the country is exporting too little to pay for its imports and overseas expenditures. By drifting and dreaming in this way, it has fallen into chronic and mounting indebtedness, occasionally repenting (in the stop phase of the cycle) but invariably relapsing into sin. Salvation can lie only in self-denial, discipline, and hard work.

Not everybody agrees with this thesis. Some of the most reputable economists maintain that the British are neither shiftless nor inordinately self-indulgent, and that the economy would be a lot healthier if the government were not eternally imposing restraints on their power to buy. The stop-go policy, with its deadening effect on economic growth, would not be necessary if the Treasury would give up its dogged defense of an obviously overvalued pound. It is not because the home market is so profitable, but because the overvalued pound makes the foreign market so much less so, that exports have fallen below the necessary level.

THE FACT IS that Britain's balance of payments has seesawed from deficit to surplus and back again for the past decade, without ever picking up enough to make good its losses. By now, the deficits of the bad years add up to six times the surpluses of the good years, leaving a net deficit of $5 billion. While that has been covered so far by credits from the International Monetary Fund and European banks, the credits may soon be running out. The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development already has warned the British that there is no margin left to finance their basic deficit—in short, no more money.

Prime Minister Harold Wilson can rightly claim to be among the first who saw this possibility. In fact, he won the 1964 election mainly by

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promising to deliver Britain from its dreary stop-go cycles and open a new era of orderly productive growth. But a lot of water (or blood, says a colleague of his) has flowed under London Bridge since he made the promise, and he is not likely to be able to keep it now.

For a while, during Labour's first year in power, the then Minister of Economic Affairs, George Brown, tried to draw up a plan for long-term growth. While Brown was making his expansionist plans, however, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, James Callaghan, was in hot pursuit of fiscal deflation in the hope of persuading international bankers to stop the run on the pound. There being no known way to expand and contract an economy simultaneously, the two men inevitably clashed. As usual where the pound sterling is concerned, the Chancellor of the Exchequer won. The deflationary measures announced last July 20 were his trophy.

Taken together with what an economic journal calls the "gruesome budget" presented last spring, these measures would gladden the coldest of bankers' hearts. Their primary purpose is to balance the Treasury's books, come what may. What may come, however, begins to look extremely unpleasant. In setting out to reduce consumer spending by $1.5 billion over the next twelve months, the government is deliberately inducing a recession on a scale unknown here since the Second World War. It has denied that things would actually be that bad. But some estimates indicate that a million workers may be unemployed and national output may drop 3.5 per cent by the end of next year.

Back to the Mines?

Up to a point, there is a certain remorseless logic in all this. The decline in output will, of course, be regrettable from any point of view. A large unemployment pool, however, has long been desired by the stern Calvinists of economic theology here because Britain's foremost expanding industries cannot find enough workers, who are overemployed in the wrong places. One of Prime Minister Wilson's main aims, therefore, is to effect a "shakeout . . . which will release the nation's manpower, skilled and unskilled, and lead to a more purposive use of labor for the sake of increasing exports."

Unfortunately, no one can be sure that, once thrown out of the wrong places, these workers will find their way into the right ones—particularly since the squeeze is hitting hardest at industries, such as cars and consumer durables, that have the best prospects for expansion and the most competitive position abroad. Indeed, the hardest hit so far has been the vast British Motor Corporation (Austin, Morris, and MG, among others), which employs a hundred thousand workers and has been turning out nearly a million cars a year. BMC announced recently that it intends to cut production by twenty per cent, lay off twelve thousand workers, and put half of the rest on a two- to three-day week.

Even assuming that these industries may be the first to recover, the government has made strikingly inadequate preparations for a great workers' trek to their gates. It has provided no list of vacancies in exporting firms hungry for labor, done little or nothing to find housing for new arrivals in the congested industrial Midlands, and projected such meager plans for retraining that by the end of 1967 no more than fourteen thousand workers could be retrained each year. What with one thing and another, therefore, the likelihood is that a great many of the million unemployed will either sit tight until they get their old jobs back or return to the poorer-paid jobs—anything but vital to growth and export—they started out with years ago. Wilson would then have scarcely brought about his more purposive use of labor. "A massive redeployment of workers from the motor industry to Scottish coal mines and Midland town halls," observes the *Economist,* "would not be a contribution to the long-term dynamisation of Britain."

THERE REMAINS another device for redeploying labor, in the form of a novel Selective Employment Tax, which Callaghan is supposed to have thought up in his tub and with which the government has managed to irritate just about everybody. (The press calls it "the silly SET.") It is not only a forced short-term loan but also an effort to shake out labor and raise prices in the unproductive service industries. To simplify collections, however, all employers will pay the tax through an addition to the payments they make for social welfare. It will amount to a maximum of twenty-five shillings ($3.50) weekly for each worker on their payroll. What follows is more complicated. The service-industry employers will try to pass the cost on to consumers. But employers in agriculture and transport will begin getting refunds in six months, while those in manufacturing will get not only a refund but also a premium of seven shillings a week per head.

The Treasury may admire this device, which should bring in a net annual revenue of nearly $1 billion. While it might divert some workers from the service trades, however, it will not necessarily send them headlong into the arms of the growth and export industries where they belong. The premium goes to all manufacturers, including the least efficient and least likely to export. Far from getting these employers to disgorge some of the workers that many are hoarding, it should encourage them to hoard as long as they can. Since it will also mean a mountain of extra paper work for all employers, efficient or otherwise, a large number wish ardently that Callaghan had thought up something else.

The gloomy conclusion that might be drawn from all this is that Britain will have been led by the Labour government through one of its worst recessions only to come out more or less where it was before. Yet one good thing could come of it, if Labour can keep its courage up: a permanent incomes policy, of the kind economists dream about and politicians can hardly bear to contemplate.

Any industrialized nation that could keep wages, prices, and dividends in line with productivity would be the envy of the rest. To do so, however, it must infringe on the precious prerogatives of management and labor, the two mightiest political forces in modern society. Most such experiments have there-

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fore broken down at the first stage: voluntary self-policing by employers and unions. Predictably, so did Labour's here. Its initially timid venture into voluntary collaboration last year ended with a 7.7 per cent rise in wages as against a 1.5 per cent rise in output. In this case, however, necessity goaded the government into a much bolder venture.

Putting Heat on the Freeze

Among the July 20 measures were provisions for a six-month "zero freeze" on wages, prices, and dividends, followed by another six months of "severe restraint," followed by yet another six months of "phasing out"—with a rider giving the government compulsory enforcement powers if either management or labor should break the rules. Much as it might like to break the rules, the Trades Union Congress gave these measures its "reluctant acquiescence" in September, though by the narrowest of votes. Moreover, the Labour Party majority in Parliament voted to allow the government to invoke the detested compulsory enforcement powers. If the Prime Minister got a frigid reception at his party's annual October congress, he made the decision anyway and got away with it.

How long the Labour Party and TUC can stand Mr. Wilson and his incomes policy is an open question. The law gives the government twelve months, and the Prime Minister started by pledging earnestly to extend it no further. Apparently he was being less than candid, since his closest associates talk openly now of extending it indefinitely. "I cannot foresee any time," said the chairman of the Prices and Incomes Board not long ago, "when the nation could revert to free collective bargaining."

All the same, the nation may have to. Even at this early stage, enforcement is proving unspeakably painful. When the freeze was imposed, six million workers were due for wage increases under contracts previously agreed upon. Several of these contracts represented the sort of breakthrough that Britain's more enlightened trade unionists have been praying for: renunciation of featherbedding and other restrictive labor practices, and a wage rise tied to rising productivity. The fact that such agreements were not exempt from the freeze has so very nearly incited mutiny that the government has already begun to make exceptions. The Clyde shipyards, once helpless victims of the most backward-looking unionists in Britain, had made just this sort of agreement and it has just been unfrozen.

Having set one foot on the slippery slope, the government will be hard put to stand firm. Even if it can hold out until January, when the six-month standstill is up, it will need exceptional fortitude to resist

the pressures beyond then. And if, after hitting bottom, the economy should start to perform in the old familiar way, the pressures may become intolerable.

JUDGING by performance so far, the chances are better than not that Britain will again move from a stop phase to a go phase as bad as—perhaps worse than—the others. There is little prospect of bringing about the fundamental structural changes that the Prime Minister is after in what he calls "this make or break year." Whatever was wrong with Britain before this latest conclusive spasm, then, is liable still to be wrong when it is over.

In that event, Labour may be obliged to face the question it has been ducking since moving into Whitehall: whether to devalue the pound. Naturally, Wilson doesn't want to. His reluctance is partly a matter of political prestige, since it was a Labour government that devalued the last time, in 1949, vowing never to do it again. Far more important, however, are the awful responsibilities involved in doing it again. The pound sterling is one of the world's only two reserve currencies, and its exchange rate affects not only a third of world trade but the entire international monetary system. No economist would swear to what might happen if it were devalued another time. But even if all Europe should fail to follow suit promptly—and that is by no means certain—the pressure on the dollar would be inevitable and tremendous. That consideration undoubtedly has been uppermost in the mind of the Prime Minister, who values Britain's special relationship with the United States a good deal more than most of his predecessors. The Americans would hate it if the sterling exchange rate went down, and Wilson is the last man to risk their displeasure.

Still, the Americans may not be inclined to go on eternally carrying Britain's burden; and certainly the bankers in Zurich and elsewhere are not. International financiers might be waiting to see what comes of this make or break year. But their skepticism is apparent: there are no signs of the buoyant new confidence in sterling that the British Treasury had expected.

For all the resistance in the Treasury's cavernous vaults, therefore, more and more economists here are beginning to feel that devaluation is the only way out. The country prospered for six years on the benefits of the 1949 devaluation, they argue, and with luck it could hope for similar results again. A cheaper pound (always providing that most other European currencies remain dearer) would give British exporters their badly needed edge over foreign competitors, closing a trying decade for Britain and offering an opportunity at last for orderly growth and full employment. This solution is still doubted by many, but it may prove to be the only one.

That, in short, is Harold Wilson's dilemma. For a man who talks like a militant Socialist and thinks like an orthodox banker, it is a most disagreeable one. He may choose to live out his five years in office in the resolute determination not to face it. In that case, a London wit suggests, he will go down in history as Britain's modern version of Christopher Columbus, "who started out not knowing where he was going, and upon arrival did not know where he was, and on returning did not know where he had been, and did it on borrowed money."

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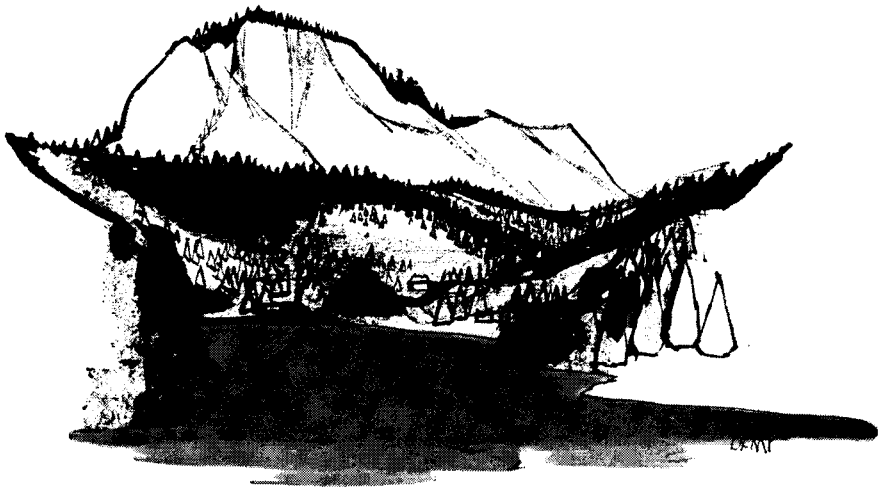

The Emperor's War Games

FERENC KORMENDI

IT ALL HAPPENED quite a few years before I was born, and the story of the visit of Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, to my great-grandfather's house in Transylvania came to me from Granduncle Matthew, the youngest of Great-grandfather's five sons and an enthusiastic chronicler of family history. Although during Great-grandfather's last years I, like the rest of his children and his children's children and *their* children, had spent the summers at Sebes Castle, it was not until as a grown man I came to read the briefs of a major family lawsuit that I discovered that the Sebes estate had contained immense grainfields, pastures, forests, two lakes and many brooks, a good portion of the Sebes River along with several water mills and fisheries, snow-capped mountains and a tarn high on an almost inaccessible plateau, the ancient village of Sebes, two smaller villages, many hamlets, numerous mansions and manors, grain elevators, distilleries, and agricultural industrial plants, as well as the huge park that surrounded the castle. From the same source I found out about the huge bank loans and mortgages in which all this magnificence became more and more entangled and about the savage internecine family warfare that eventually destroyed it. How my great-grandfather amassed the wealth to buy the estate with the historic castle in 1860 from the debt-ridden scion of a leading Transylvanian family is another story.

Granduncle Matthew had played several roles in the life of the family. They included, at different times, that of the pampered youngest child and of the black sheep; that of the considerate adviser who saved more than one of his nephews and nieces from improper romances, imprudent marriages, or rash plans for a divorce, and of the delirious young lover who himself almost married a ballerina of the Vienna Hofoper; that of the conservative farmer who spoke out against the purchase of newfangled American farm machinery and of the daring young innovator and spendthrift sportsman who drove the first automobile in the whole region. He had stories to tell about all of these, but the one I liked best to hear when I was in my teens and he in his early sixties was the story of the King's visit.

"ONE SATURDAY in June, 1883, a telegram addressed to your great-grandfather arrived from Vienna and turned life in Sebes upside down," Granduncle Matthew used to say as he began to tell, or retell, the story. "It was signed by the Superintendent General of the Imperial and Royal Household. The message conveyed the laconic information that two gentlemen from Vienna would arrive at Sebes on the following Monday to confer with your great-grandfather on what it termed an important and confidential matter.

"We went into wild fantasies as to what the 'important and confidential matter' could be," Granduncle Matthew continued. "One of my brothers, an incurable optimist and a romantic, suggested that the gentlemen were sent by the King to find out whether Father was prepared to accept some high civilian distinction. Another feared something bad would come from the unusual visit. My eldest brother hoped for something marvelous; for him, anything in connection with the Vienna court was nothing less than marvelous. The guessing game went on and on, but we all missed the truth by a mile.

"The truth, we learned from our Viennese visitors, was this: The general staff of the Austro-Hungarian Army had decided that the annual great war games, scheduled for the fall, were to be held that year in Transylvania. (The reason for this decision was probably the intention to impress, if not to exert pressure on, neighboring Romania to sign a treaty of alliance with the Dual Monarchy; secret diplomatic negotiations had been going on for well over two years.) The war games were to be a *Kaiser-Manöver*, with the Emperor-King participating as chairman of the *Kriegsbesprechungskommission* or War Review Board; a rare event indeed. Therefore, proper quarters were to be secured for King Franz Josef I, his personal retinue, and his staff. And since the Sebes estate lay in the dead center of the region singled out for the war games, with Sebes Castle lying in *its* dead

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center, the latter was the logical place to serve the purpose."

The date for the war games had been set for the first week in October, a time when the harvest was in and the autumn sowing not yet begun. Two armies—dubbed the Blue Army and the White Army—were scheduled to participate, each one in the strength of four peacetime divisions or some thirty thousand men. The first troops would arrive on September 28 early in the morning and camp on either side of the village. Further contingents were to arrive throughout the next three days.

THE KING and his retinue would arrive at Kolozvár and proceed to Sebes Castle on October 2. October 3 would be the day for the deployment of the troops of the opposing armies. On October 4 the King and his aides would inspect field positions on both sides; in the evening the two army groups would be alerted and at night they would start marching. The main battle would be fought on the plain northeast of Sebes Castle on October 5. On October 6 reports from the umpires and observers would be received and scrutinized by Operations Evaluation officers of the General Staff. On October 7 the Review Board would meet at the castle to sum up the results and pass judgment. On October 8, the King and his retinue would leave for Vienna; the troops would be reassembled and either entrained or marched off.

The King's suite would include his only son and heir apparent, Field Marshal Vice Admiral Crown Prince Rudolf; his two oldest and most intimate friends and personal aides; his personal father confessor; his personal physician; his valet; several archdukes and princes holding high military ranks; field marshals, generals, the Chief of Staff; and the Inspectors General of the three branches of the army. All of these notables were to be billeted at the castle.

The family was most graciously permitted—in other words, informally ordered—to give a gala dinner in honor of His Majesty on October 4 at half past eight in the evening. The list of persons to be invited would reach Great-grandfather from the King's private bureau by the first of July.

A list of servants employed at the house should be submitted to the King's private bureau not later than September 1, whereupon an officer from Vienna, accompanied by the Kolozsvár police chief, would

come to Sebes to interview the domestics. A *Hofmeister,* to arrive one week in advance of the royal party, would be in charge of all ceremonial matters, including the business of introduction, seating at both the regular daily meals and the banquet, and such. "As the weeks went by," Granduncle Matthew explained further, "two men came to inspect the water-supply system, the plumbing, and the sanitary installations. Two other men came to suggest a number of measures for the prevention and the fighting of fires. Yet another two men came to inspect the rooms for the distinguished guests and select the furniture for them. His Majesty, they informed us, slept on an iron field cot with a hard horsehair mattress; one such bed, as well as certain hygienic equipment, would be sent along with his personal baggage.

"THE FIRST troop trains arrived in Kolozsvár on schedule early in the morning of September 28. Your great-grandmother said she wished it was not Friday, but she was a superstitious woman; the General Staff was obviously more enlightened. Anyhow, the troops detrained and marched off to the point of assembly south of the village. By the evening of the first day everything seemed fine, but at around midnight a storm whipped through the whole region, and a cloudburst, followed by a couple of hours' torrential rain, turned the vicinity of Kolozsvár into a swamp and destroyed a half-kilometer stretch of railroad tracks west of the town. Repair work was started in a panic by torchlight as soon as the rain had stopped. I rode out to see things for myself at dawn, and it did not look promising. Troop trains, I was told at Kolozsvár, were gathering at an alarming rate in the marshaling yards of the neighboring town to the west, or were halted on the open tracks.

"The most frantic efforts could not restore the tracks earlier than the afternoon of the following day. Late at night on September 30, they were declared safe for traffic and the trains began rolling again. Since the original schedule had been upset by more than twenty-six hours, an officer at the Quartermaster General's office decided to order the troops off the stalled trains on the spot and march them across the flooded fields to their assembly areas in the vicinity of Sebes. The retreat from Moscow of the Grande Armée could hardly have offered a sorrier sight.

"By the morning of October 1, practically nobody knew any longer what was what," Granduncle Matthew continued. "Train after train arrived on the eastbound track and poured out units of the Blue and the White Armies all over the place. 'We seem to be in for *something,*' the commander of the Kolozsvár garrison said when I saw him for a moment at the Officers' Club that evening. 'How in hell could I tell you *now* whether or not it's still on!' *It*—the plan. Everything. I had been trying to find out from the general if the royal visit was to take place, despite the upheaval, according to the original plans or, possibly, was to be postponed. 'But there's one thing I can tell you for sure. We all can———,' and he resorted to a favorite soldiers' expression, 'if things don't work out and don't work out promptly.'

"However, they did work out. At sunrise on October 2 and just in time, too, the situation seemed to be in hand, with the trains moving

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in both directions, the terrain reasonably dried up after two days of scorching sun and clear, cool nights. The royal train was scheduled to pull into Kolozsvár station at eleven o'clock in the morning.

"Then at about nine o'clock, somebody gave a wrong order and somebody else pulled the wrong switch. Presently, instead of the train carrying the special honor guard composed of twenty-four picked men and one captain from each of twelve elite regiments, a cattle train and then another pulled into a nearby marshaling yard reserved for the final military operations. Before anyone understood what had happened, half of the more than four hundred Transylvanian white shorthorn cattle, destined for the Budapest livestock market and set on their journey with two days' delay, were unloaded. It took almost two hours for attendants, trainmen, drovers, and soldiers to reload the cattle, inadequately cared for during the past two days and thoroughly frightened by the mess they had helped to complete, and shunt the trains to one of the outermost freight yards.

"Before they were out of sight, the communications officer came on the double to report the hair-raising news that the royal train was waiting for the green light at the last stop before Kolozsvár. The train of the honor guard stood on a sidetrack outside the station. It was cleared in a hurry and the men in their gala uniforms took their posts opposite the railroad station. The red carpet lay rolled out, the military bands stood ready to strike up. The garrison commander and his full staff, as well as the civilian officials selected to represent the town and county administrations, formed a semicircle in the main first-class waiting room. Twelve splendid four-in-hands with traditionally liveried coachmen and a colorful mounted escort picked from the younger members of the county's nobility waited outside the building. And by some miracle, the royal train pulled into the station with a mere two-hour delay at one o'clock sharp.

"MEANWHILE, the family were waiting up at the castle in a state of paroxysm for the arrival of their fairy-tale guests," Granduncle Matthew went on. "The welcoming ceremony had been amply studied, and rehearsed often enough, to go off without a hitch. The first person to approach the King, as he stepped out of the carriage in his resplendent field marshal's uniform and shako and stood facing the main gate at the other end of the drawbridge, was your mother. She was, I think, five years old then. She had a bouquet of late-blooming white roses in her hands, a bouquet so heavy that she could hardly carry it. But carry it she did as she toddled up to the King in an obvious trance, with a half happy, half scared smile on her flushed face. She made a formal *Hofknix*, dropped the bouquet, picked it up unself-consciously, and reached it out with both hands to the King.

"The King looked down upon her unsmilingly, took the bouquet from her hands, and, as though trying to get rid of something unpleasant to the touch, handed it to one of his aides who stood on his left. On his right stood the Crown Prince. Now, your mother had been told, and told repeatedly, to kiss the King's hand if and when. . . . But the ifs and whens were forgotten and the only thing she appeared to remember was that she was expected to kiss the royal hand. The King, however, just stood there looking down at her, without offering it. All of a sudden your mother reached out, grabbed the King's right hand in its white kid glove, and planted a smacking kiss upon it. The Crown Prince, who was a charmer of repute, saved the situation. He picked up your mother, kissed her on both cheeks, and set her down out of his august father's way. An officer took her by the hand and led her smilingly back across the drawbridge to where the rest of the family stood in a group.

"HIS MAJESTY," Granduncle Matthew continued, "looked less than interested as he took a few steps toward my parents, then stopped, waiting for them to approach him ceremoniously, which they did in an attitude befitting a couple of deeply moved loyal subjects. He offered his begloved hand first to my mother and then to my father. My mother curtsied, my father made a deep bow. As they shook hands, the King opened the conversation in a rather Viennese-sounding Hungarian with his much-satirized cliché, 'How was the harvest?' Instead of the obligatory 'It was fine,' my father, obviously forgetful in his tension of what he had been told to answer, said with a bright smile, 'Thank God, Your Majesty, it wasn't too bad.' 'And how far is this house from the town?' the King inquired after a moment's pause. 'Fourteen kilometers, Your Majesty,' Father replied. 'In a carriage,' the King said. 'And on horseback?' My father looked puzzled and remained silent; God rest his soul, but he simply looked stupid. Yet

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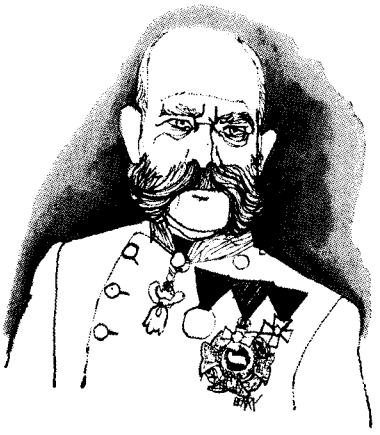
he had not been asked the question of a majestic simpleton; it was the question of a soldier or a hunter. 'I mean across the fields,' the King explained after another brief pause. My father looked both relieved and



ashamed. 'Less than ten, Your Majesty,' he said. 'Good,' the King said.

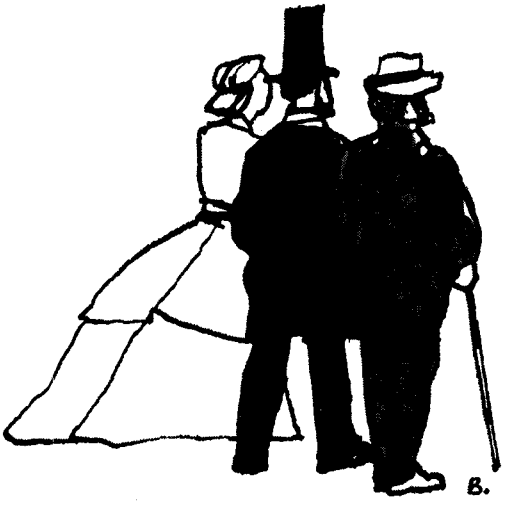
"As soon as the King and his retinue settled down in their quarters at the house, self-important comings and goings broke out all over the place. Couriers jumped on and off their horses by the main gate. A central telegraph office had been set up in a large room on the ground floor, connecting by direct lines the royal headquarters at Sebes Castle with the Kolozsvár garrison, the headquarters of the two army commanders at the village, and the Imperial court and the War Ministry in Vienna. Staff officers kept busying themselves at endless meetings. The clicking of heels never stopped for a moment as senior staff officers kept arriving or departing in bunches in army carriages.

"The King, the Crown Prince, and their entourage rode out frequently to inspect the troops in the field. The weather was glorious, with a benevolent sun presiding over a lovely Indian summer. And, as the Kolozsvár garrison commander told me repeatedly, everything seemed to work beautifully.

"THE FIRST incident to cause serious worries was reported on October 3, when, in the course of deployment, an infantry battalion of the Blue Army came down with symptoms of dysentery soon after supper. It was an obvious case of mass food poisoning which was traced back without difficulty to some tainted goulash. But there was an immediate rumor that Romanian nationalistic agents had poisoned the wells with cholera germs.

" 'A sinister-looking man' was said to have been seen 'lurking around a well' used by the military at a hamlet not far from the village. Presently, a suspect was unsuccessfully challenged and almost shot by a sentry before it was discovered that he was the village idiot. The poor devil was left alone and the spy hunt stopped. Each of the ailing infantrymen was given a quinine tablet, a ration of zwieback, and a swig of rum for supper. With everybody assumed to be restored to full health by dawn next day, the whole thing was forgotten.

"But the affair that followed before the day was out could not be forgotten or hushed up so easily. The twelve officers of the honor guard, just sitting around in Kolozsvár awaiting the departure of the royal party on October 8, decided to relieve their consuming boredom by throwing a party at the café of the best hotel in town. They sent an exceptionally handsome comrade to negotiate a deal with the madam



of the better of the town's two bordellos, and the madam, after some hard bargaining, agreed to co-operate. At ten o'clock on the evening of October 3, she closed shop and marched her girls to the only *chambre séparée* of the café. According to some eyewitnesses they were wearing rather flimsy garb. This astonishing development made the proprietor of the hotel both desperate and furious. Desperate, for one was not supposed to spoil the fun of cheerful and openhanded officers. And furious because, after all, his was a respectable bourgeois establishment where dignified citizens took their wives and children of an afternoon.

"No sooner had the news of the procession of the gaudy young ladies made the rounds than a young staff reporter of the Kolozsvár *Opposition* appeared at the café to ask the proprietor some questions. The proprietor, however, complained of a splitting headache and begged to be left alone. Undiscouraged, the reporter bribed one of the waiters into changing clothes with him, and entered the *chambre séparée* with a tray in his hand and a napkin under his arm. The *Opposition* printed his story on its front page the following morning under the bold headline 'IS THIS OUR ARMY?' This story, of course, could not be kept from the highest authorities, including the King. His Majesty settled the affair by the single word *"raus!"*—thus ending the careers of a dozen promising young officers.

"The next disaster struck the following day," Granduncle Matthew went on. "The waters of the region, affected by the heavy rains of the preceding weekend, were still abnormally high. A boat carrying two officers and six men, engaged in inspecting the understructure of a pontoon that was being constructed across the Sebes River, capsized and only one officer and two men managed to swim ashore. The bad news reached no higher up than the army commander's headquarters: the funeral was held in secret at the military section of Kolozsvár Cemetery.

"Calamities come in threes, and we hoped we'd seen the end of

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them," Granduncle Matthew continued. "But this popular superstition was refuted on the day of the main battle. Soon after the battle had been joined at daybreak, an artillery attack was simulated against a water mill that was serving as an advance post of the opposing army, and one of the shells turned out to be live. It scored a direct hit, killing a sergeant, three foot soldiers, and the miller's eldest son. It also set the mill on fire and burned it to ashes.

"Next, two regiments of the White Army somehow got misdirected in the course of the deployment at night; they were last seen marching away from the battlefield, and at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon were still reported missing. The gap had not been filled yet and a two-kilometer stretch of the battle line lay uncovered.

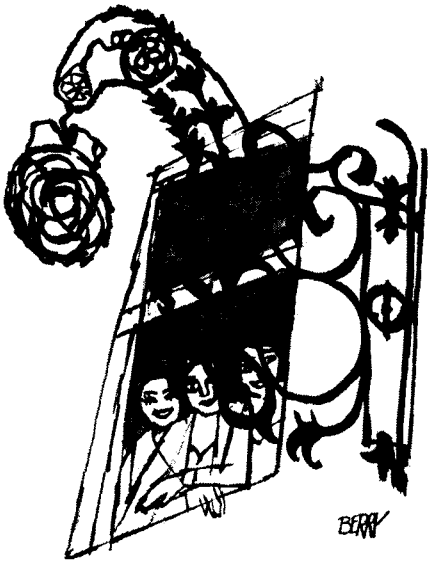
"Number six. A platoon of one of the regiments of the Blue Army discovered a well-stocked wine cellar in a house in a hamlet on the estate and descended upon it while the officers were studying their plans at the other end of the place. The platoon got drunk to the last man and went on a rampage shortly after midnight, dragging several peasant girls out of their houses. They raped the girls and killed two elderly peasants who went at them with pitchforks; they shot a young officer who, with some of his fellow officers, tried in vain to calm them down. Order was finally restored by two other platoons that were hurriedly summoned, and the hamlet was cordoned off.

"Number seven. A patrol of a highlander regiment, which was detailed to perform some outflanking operation in the nearby mountains, lost an NCO and four men who had crashed into a crevasse and were found dead by a rescue party.

"Number eight. Instead of taking by storm, as planned, a manor house and its surroundings early in the afternoon, thereby piercing the southern flank of the enemy, a company of the Blue Army unexpectedly came upon another manor house, already occupied by another Blue Army company, a score of kilometers to the north of the original target, and settled down there as peacefully as though all was as it should be.

"Numbers nine and ten and fifteen followed swiftly; God alone knows how many more cases of *malheur,* caused by mismanagement or misplanning, incompetence or inadvertency, or a combination of them, or sheer bad luck.

"A FINAL BLOW fell later in the afternoon and turned the climax of the battle into a farce. For some mysterious reason, the regiments on either flank of the White Army, scheduled to perform in one thrust



a gigantic pincer movement against the other army, marched instead on each other along the north-south axis of their entire front, fought a bitter mock battle against each other, and defeated each other. In a surprising move, both began to retreat, panic-stricken, toward their original positions, leaving the main body of the army, some four kilometers to the east, exposed and defenseless. No doubt, unqualified victory would have been awarded to the Blue Army if it had realized the plight of its opponent and, taking advantage of the situation, pursued the disintegrating enemy. It might have achieved this by the simple tactical means of marching forward, unresisted. But by some incalculable twist of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian military mind, the commander of the Blue Army got the impression that *his* army had been routed, and ordered a general retreat forthwith. All over the terrain dividing the two armies, the silence of a long-abandoned, nocturnal cemetery reigned. Only a few ghostly members of the straggling advance guard, unexpectedly turned rear guard, haunted the scene when a group of observers, including the foreign military attachés, approached on horseback the very section of the battlefield that had been selected as the stage for a triumphant show of military skill.

"The mounted group turned back, dismayed, and soon came upon another splendid group of horsemen, approaching from the direction of the castle, which included the King, the Crown Prince, and their aides. After this encounter, the King withdrew to his rooms in the castle and nobody was permitted in his presence for the rest of the day.

"The following day was devoted to, or wasted upon, a desperate attempt at piecing things together and finding out what actually had happened and why. Rumors of further dismal incidents circulated unofficially. Here a munition cart exploded, and there four men drowned while crossing a fishpond without reason or authorization. A minor forest fire caused by carelessness, dislocating some military operation elsewhere, and universal bedevilment everywhere. And when, the day after, the War Review Board, presided over by His Majesty, met in a climate of utter disaster, the umpires were simply unable to determine whether the commander of the White Army or his counterpart in the Blue Army was less guilty of writing a new chapter in the long history of the monarchy's military ineptitude.

"Curiously enough, the King—known for his moods and not infrequent flare-ups—never grew furious as he listened a little absentmindedly to the long-winded yet rather spiritless debate at the conference table. He looked a bit tired, but no sign of annoyance showed on his face. Nevertheless, both army commanders were retired on the spot. Also relieved, at their own request of course, were an archduke and a prince. A new top post was created: Inspector General of the Armed Forces. The positions vacated through these changes were filled before the meeting was over. But even after it was over, the rolling of heads continued all through the

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military hierarchy from senior staff officers down to junior field officers. It *was* an earthquake." And that, in substance, was the story of the war games as recounted by Granduncle Matthew.

IN THE early thirties, at the office of the newspaper where I was working, I met an elderly free-lance journalist by the name of Tárcay. He was a big man with a sad, bald head and an old-fashioned Hussar mustache. He wrote articles in a rather out-of-date manner on subjects fit for the Sunday family supplement, and succeeded in selling some of them if and when the managing editor happened to be in a charitable mood.

Before long I learned that Tárcay was a native of Kolozsvár and knew my mother's family but, for reasons he never disclosed, he did not want to meet any of its members, including my Granduncle Matthew. When he told me that he had started his journalistic career on the Kolozsvár *Opposition,* I asked him whether he happened to know the man who had written an article long ago about an officers' scandalous coffeehouse party.

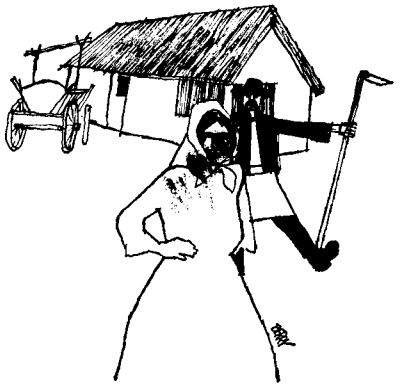
"Sure I know him," Tárcay said. "It was I. But how do *you* know about it?"

I told him, and the next time he showed up I asked him to read a few pages of the notes I had made of Granduncle Matthew's narrative. He scanned the notebook and read the indicated pages slowly and carefully. "Fairly accurate," he said at last. "Not scientific, though. I'm going to show you another manuscript."

The following day he came back with a huge package wrapped in newsprint and put it on my desk. It was a manuscript, written in a meticulous, clerkish longhand, entitled "A Sword of Peace" and subtitled "A Chronicle of the Austro-Hungarian Army from Its Beginnings in 1868 to the Outbreak of World War I in 1914." Tárcay said he had started planning it in 1915 when he was a war correspondent on the Russian Front and got the impression that the Austro-Hungarian Army was not much of a sword for war. He began writing it in 1920 when the war archives in Budapest and Vienna became accessible to civilian researchers.

"I've been peddling it since I was half through," Tárcay said. "Everybody says it's great and nobody wants to publish it."

It *was* a product of remarkable research, bristling with facts and figures and graphs and quotations, and though the narrative was rather pedestrian, the whole thing was fascinating. The name of the work seemed to have been aptly chosen. The army of the Dual Monarchy was formidable in size and horrifying in its rigid adherence to the traditions of a once mighty but



progressively decaying world power. Under it, there had indeed been a long period of peace, stretching over some forty-five years, and it had been a good-looking sword. The only trouble seems to have been that the peace reigned over a seething volcano of nationalistic and international intrigues and aspirations, and the sword, the First World War proved, was made of less than perfect steel.

A substantial part of the manuscript, which I read more carefully than the rest, dealt with the war games in great length and detail, describing them year by year, blow by blow. Official documents, I learned with amazement, had described the war games in Transylvania in 1883 as "an unqualified success," with the victory awarded to the White Army—characteristically, the "offensive" one. A footnote by the author pointed out that a secret state treaty between the Dual Monarchy and Romania, whose conclusion the war games had been intended to foster, was signed in Vienna before the end of that year.

Tárcay's account made me wonder whether the war games at Sebes had been as much of a debacle as Granduncle Matthew insisted they had. With the exception of the Kolozsvár café orgy—not necessarily a military operation and therefore omitted from Tárcay's "Chronicle"—the events were reported almost identically by both sources, but Tárcay's story included several movements and episodes Granduncle Matthew failed to remember or tell me about. These seemed to have been in conformity with military routine, and nothing about them appeared particularly disastrous. Now Granduncle Matthew had based his account on personal recollections and rumors he had succeeded in squeezing out of several friendly officers on the spot, yet it impressed me as more authentic than Tárcay's impersonal version based on official documents.

I returned the manuscript to Tárcay and said something about how shameful it was that such important work remained unpublished, but I was convinced that.... "All right, all right," Tárcay interrupted. "Thanks for trying not to discourage me, all the same." We saw each other rather often after that, but we never talked of his work again.

ONCE I asked Granduncle Matthew whether he remembered Tárcay. He certainly did, Granduncle Matthew said; he was the one who raised that stink about the officers' coffeehouse adventure in 1883. "He was quite a gifted youngster, but he aimed too high," Granduncle Matthew said. "Several years later, he wanted to marry your Aunt Elsie. You remember her, don't you? She wasn't exactly a beauty, and he was a good-looking boy. But he was without means and she was rich. They got secretly engaged and planned to elope, but somehow I found it out. I had a long talk with Elsie and that was the end of it. She died a spinster in 1913, or was it 1914?"

I told Granduncle Matthew about Tárcay's "Chronicle" but he seemed uninterested. Instead he continued musing, this time about some other, more suitable young men whom Aunt Elsie had subsequently refused to marry.

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New Wine in New Bottles

ROLAND GELATT

HAMBURG

FOR a mid-twentieth-century composer, the greatest challenge—and the greatest potential reward—lies in the domain of opera. Opera houses throughout the world are enjoying boom times, but they live principally on the accumulated wealth of the Messrs. Mozart, Rossini, Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, and Strauss, and they are all in need of fresh capital. A lively demand exists for new works, for pieces that express a contemporary viewpoint, for an up-to-date operatic tradition to replace the old one that ended with the posthumous premiere of Puccini's *Turandot* forty years ago. To meet that demand, more and more composers are setting sights on the lyric theatre.

This fall, two new American operas entered the lists: Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* and Gunther Schuller's *The Visitation*. Their world premieres fell within a month of each other—the Barber on September 16 at the Metropolitan Opera, the Schuller on October 12 at the Hamburg Staatsoper. I was present at both occasions and found myself fascinated by the comparisons they provoked. Together they tell a good deal about the plight and promise of contemporary opera.

Antony and Cleopatra was commissioned by the Metropolitan to open its new house at Lincoln Center. Apparently this had not always been the plan. One hears that Rudolf Bing's original thought was to initiate his uptown tenancy with an extravagant rendition of a surefire chestnut but that advisers later persuaded him to make the appropriate socio-cultural gesture of opening with an American work created for the occasion. The Metropolitan being a highly conservative institution, it was natural that its general manager should assign this job to a highly conservative composer. Samuel Barber—then fifty-four years old, with an impressive list of honors and awards—was the obvious man for the commission. True, he had not exactly covered himself with glory in his first opera, *Vanessa,* but neither had Verdi or Wagner or Puccini in their first operas, and Barber was without question an accomplished craftsman who could be counted upon to turn out a respectably mellifluous product. To hedge its bet, however, the Met called in Franco Zeffirelli as librettist, designer, and regisseur of the production, on the assumption that his sparkling theatrical expertise would ensure a good show no matter what the score might yield in musical assay.

UNFORTUNATELY, the cards were stacked against Barber from the start by the very nature of the libretto he was given to set. It is all blank verse, drawn directly from the play. This makes for marvelous reading (of how many librettos can this be said?), but it puts a composer in the unenviable position of having to add an extra dimension to Shakespeare's already operatic poetry. Barber simply wasn't up to it. He took some of the most glorious phrases in the English language and dulled them with earthbound music. This is not to say that his score is incompetent or that it grates unpleasantly on the ear. To the contrary, it is full of well-calculated effects and skillful instrumentation, and it has fitful moments of real melodic beauty—chiefly in the last act, when the music finally begins to gain some altitude. But it is all synthetic stuff, a piece of expert musical manufacture that proceeds in jerks from scene to scene, as if the composer were dutifully meeting deadlines rather than responding to a genuine creative impulse.

The production, far from having the desired effect of enhancing Barber's score, served rather to engulf it. In his zeal to show off the spectacular capabilities of the Met's backstage machinery, Zeffirelli lost his head. Sets were kept in almost constant motion—careening up and down, to and fro, back and forth, around in circles—and the maladroit herding of supernumeraries and choristers, the chaotic agglomeration of visual styles (Egyptian, Roman, Elizabethan, Cecil B. De Mille, Bauhaus), the unlovely costuming of the leading lady, all seemed like something out of a bad dream. Nowhere was there evidence of the delicate lighting, the atmospheric scene painting, the imaginative staging that had made Zeffirelli's Scala production of *Bohème* so memorable. It was a hideously off night for a talented designer and director.

In the aftermath of this pretentious dud, one heard some dire pronouncements about the lost cause of American opera. The most extreme of these came from Stanley Kauffmann in the *New Republic.* Kauffmann began by deprecating the very idea of commissioning an American opera and then went on to predict that "there never will be an American opera of consequence." As an instant reaction to the depressing inaugural spectacle at the Metropolitan, this doleful prognosis is understandable, but it also strikes me as unduly pessimistic.

The moral to be drawn from the Barber-Zeffirelli fiasco is not that American opera is an impossibility, but rather that nineteenth-century opera is an impossibility for a composer situated in the mid-twentieth century. *Antony and Cleopatra* failed because its aesthetics were at least fifty years behind the times. The piece was meant to be a romantic

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tragedy in the grand tradition of Verdi and Berlioz, but it is as futile to attempt a contemporary opera along these lines as it would be to attempt a contemporary novel in the style of Dickens. Although a well-trained composer can go through all the proper motions to contrive the outer trappings of old-fashioned opera, his music must necessarily lack conviction. The trouble with *Antony and Cleopatra* was that it was all husk and no heart, a ritual rather than a creation.

EVERYTHING about Gunther Schuller's *The Visitation* was of a different stamp, including the ambience in which its first performance took place. Hamburg's opera house is older than the new Met by a few years, but it is considerably more modern in decor, and just as elegant and impressive despite the absence of red plush and gold leaf. The company, directed by the Swiss composer Rolf Liebermann, prides itself on holding a world record for the number of twentieth-century pieces in its repertory. Like all German opera houses, the Hamburg Staatsoper receives a handsome state subsidy, but the money to keep it going obviously depends on the continued support of the local citizenry, and no serious dissatisfaction with its forward-looking policies has been registered.

Schuller's opera fitted perfectly into the picture. It is a genuinely contemporary work of art, concerned with the here and now, and couched in a vitally alive musical idiom. The piece was written at the express invitation of Liebermann, who had long wanted his company to have a "jazz opera" in the repertory. Actually, what he got was not so much a jazz opera as an atonal music drama with jazz embellishments. *The Visitation* is a persuasive operatic embodiment of Schuller's "third stream" ideal—a designation that refers to the musical mating of Schoenbergian compositional techniques with the expressive materials of jazz.

Despite his Germanic name, Schuller is American by birth and training, and in his forty-one years has pursued a number of successful careers—as principal hornist in several orchestras (including that of the Metropolitan Opera), as director of avant-garde music festivals, as teacher and administrator (he has just been named president of the New England Conservatory of Music), and as a composer of fairly advanced tendencies who consistently manages to get his music played and applauded. The Hamburg opera is his most ambitious score to date.

ON RECEIVING the commission, Schuller knew at once that he would have to find a Negro theme for his jazz-oriented music. He knew also that he could not be content with the usual stereotypes. "I would rather die," he told Liebermann, "than write a work which would once more perpetuate the Hollywood correlation of jazz to crime, gangsterism, dope addiction, and the seamy side of life."

After a frustrating siege of libretto troubles, Schuller decided to write his own, basing the story on

Kafka's *The Trial*, but transplanting it to America and to a situation of race conflict and hatred. Joseph K. becomes Carter Jones, a mild, studious, somewhat deracinated young Negro who attends a state teachers' college by night, works as a soda jerk by day, and spends his free hours reading James Joyce. Exactly as in Kafka, he is visited by unknown assailants, accused of unstated crimes, and summoned to an unorthodox trial. Three acts later, after many vicissitudes and denials of help from whites and Negroes alike, he meets his end at the hands of a loutish gang.

Although each scene parallels Kafka almost to the letter, there are significant differences between the novel and the opera. Kafka's Joseph K. inhabits a nightmare world of unreality. No ostensible reason is given for his predicament, and to the very end he seems unconcerned, as if he were merely dancing a kind of misshapen minuet with his antagonists. Schuller's Carter Jones, on the other hand, finds himself in a very real and common plight. As a sensitive and vulnerable member of a racial minority, he understands from the outset that he must somehow come to terms with his ignorant persecutors, and for him the nightmare becomes all too palpable. But if the story is less Kafkaesque in this transposition, it is no less effective as a piece of musical theatre, and it works beautifully as a springboard for Schuller's music.

Nothing is harder to describe than the sound of unfamiliar music, and Schuller has thrown a lot of seemingly antithetical elements into his operatic stew. In the pit an orchestra of normal size and makeup is joined by a seven-piece jazz combo, which improvises within a strictly defined harmonic framework at various climactic points in the opera. On stage the singers give voice to an array of vocal styles that run the gamut from Berg-like parlando to Rossinian coloratura. And from the loudspeakers emerge a succession of extraneous sounds—Bessie Smith singing the blues, the blare of rock 'n' roll, wordless crowd noises, a sleazy snatch of mood music.

Somehow it all fits into a compelling pattern. And though *The Visitation* is uncompromisingly serial (according to Schuller, every note in the piece is based on twelve-tone rows, even unto the basic configuration imposed on the jazz combo), the opera is by no means hard to understand. Schuller has the gift of making advanced music easily assimilable. He also has the born opera composer's ability to cut to the heart of a dramatic situation in swift musical strokes. One has come to expect twelve-tone composition to be effective in evoking the strident wail of hysteria, and *The Visitation* is not without such passages. But Schuller makes the idiom serve other purposes just as well. He can devise a wonderfully slimy counterpoint to accompany the description of a shysterish law-

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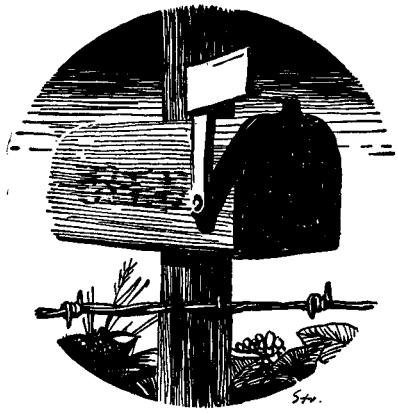
yer, and his seduction scenes have an erotic glow that Wagner might have envied. Best of all, Schuller can mold a vocal line that is singable as well as serial. At times this atonal opera becomes positively Puccinian in its lyric sweep.

THE HAMBURG TROUPE performed the work in English (most of the main parts were taken by American singers), and the whole production provided an impressive illustration of the carefully rehearsed "music theatre" for which the company is famous. To judge from its first-night reception, the opera is destined to become an international hit. Twenty minutes after the final curtain, the composer and cast (in particular McHenry Boatwright, who sang the role of Carter Jones) were still being wildly applauded.

Listening to the bravos and the cheers, I could not help making comparisons with the perfunctory, half-hearted reception of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Metropolitan three weeks earlier. To be sure, the comparison was not entirely fair, because the Met opening was attended by political and social bigwigs, whereas the Schuller premiere played to an audience of sophisticated opera connoisseurs. Nevertheless, even bigwigs can be roused to enthusiasm and connoisseurs can be easily bored. Basically, the responses of the two audiences related directly to the artistic commitment of the two composers. You could not help feeling that Barber was filling a commission and that Schuller was saying something that needed to be said.

The Visitation may or may not live up to Rolf Liebermann's claim for it as the most significant new opera since *Wozzeck*, but it is clearly a work with the ring of conviction. It treats of a contemporary situation in a contemporary language. That language is not beautiful in the traditional operatic sense, but it has its own powerful attraction. Schuller's strange amalgam of jazz, atonality, and lyric song says something valid about the world we live in, and says it in a way that makes you want to hear more.

I left the Hamburg Staatsoper convinced that American opera was not such a lost cause after all.



Moving

Bookshelves empty, tables lampless, walls
bare, the house is a rubble of moving—
foothills of boxes, trunks
under clouds of ceiling.

My friends
said good-bye hours ago, when June twilight
hung on the hills. Now, in late dark
muggy for stars, moths whir at the yellow porch light,
ping screens. By the one dim floor lamp
among the shadowy undoings of my life,
in a limbo between having gone and having gone,
I sit like a caretaker of my doom.
Not an ashtray or a spoon.
In the real dawn, I will be going.

My friends are sleeping, turned toward
tomorrows without me—will still be sleeping
when I begin to drive the familiar streets and roads
in which sun will come only after me.
If I called them now, in this hollow
past midnight, anything I said would
be from the future.

Alone in the present,
I wait, smoking (a tin can for ashes).
Bugs thwack on the screens. Beyond love
I am a projectile into the future—
still hours, days away.
Time has stopped at the speed I am going, landmarks
appear strangely in new light,
clouds whirling past me, into the past.

The phone has been disconnected.

—ROBERT WALLACE

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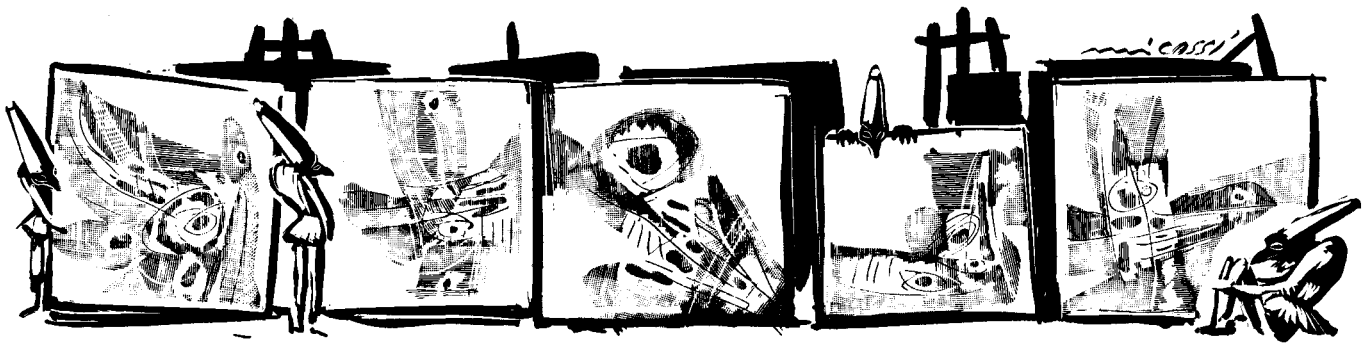

American Classic Art

HENNIG COHEN

As long ago as 1923—or depending upon the desired emphasis, as recently as 1923—D. H. Lawrence published a book that he had the temerity to call *Studies in Classic American Literature*. In it he examined the writings of Franklin, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman, and a few others for what they reveal about the American psyche. A good many of his facts are wrong and his sometimes fanciful surmises have been methodically attacked. But the book itself has become a classic because it assumed (and infected others with the assumption) that the literary imagination of America, like its politics and technology, has an authority impelling recognition. The inaugural exhibit of the Whitney Museum, "Art of the United States: 1670-1966," in its impressive new building, makes a like assumption about the American visual arts.

So the Whitney, after twenty-five years of priding itself on its primary attention to the contemporary, has accepted its destined role as a historical museum. From the perspective of the present this seems inescapable, but it was preceded by a fair amount of backing and filling. In the 1940's, for instance, the Whitney sold its historical collections in a rite of purification. Now it finds itself in the position of having to borrow back a couple of former possessions (Theodore Robinson's "On the Towpath" and Robert Newman's "Christ and His Disciples") from the Whitney trustee who owns them so that it can present, in the words of a publicity release, "one of the most comprehensive surveys of American art ever brought together under one roof." This the current show happens to be.

This underscores the dilemma of a gallery committed solely to modern art. In the long run, it must become a historical museum or else bind itself with a vow of poverty and chastity, adopting some such irrevocable policy as getting rid of the works of any artist within a year and a day of his demise. Yet the experience of the great museums and libraries is that longevity exceeds even tax exemptions as a source of enrichment. What museum can withstand the slow seduction of watching a painting, in a wry sense the by-product of its benevolence to the struggling young artist, transmuted into a gilt-edged old master? And why should it resist?

Almost half of the 366 items in "Art of the United States" are from the Whitney's own collection, accumulated since 1931 when it was opened to the public with some six hundred works by American artists. (Works mentioned hereafter belong to the Whitney unless otherwise specified.) Coverage is about equally divided between the earlier periods and the twentieth century. This is, in effect, a policy statement—evidence, according to Lloyd Goodrich, the director, "of the Whitney's devotion to all American art, both the dynamic present and the rich past." It suggests, however, that the Whitney will be living by its wits for a long time to come if it really means what it says about maintaining a balance with "the rich past," for it owns virtually nothing before 1900. Still, it has remarkable historical depth. What struck me is how much of the modern half of the show is *already* historical (and I am not trying to be snide about Action and Pop and Op).

Take the case of "The Eight," the bright young men who exhibited at the Macbeth Gallery in 1908 because they had been rejected by the genteel jury of the National Academy of Design. The Whitney was able to come up with first-rate representation for six of them from its own holdings. This includes cityscapes like George Luks's "Armistice Night" (1918), in which a crowd explodes with joy and relief; John Sloan's "Backyards, Greenwich Village" (1914), where the fresh snow and children and an alley cat transform a slum into a metropolitan idyll; William J. Glackens's "Hammerstein's Roof Garden" (about 1901), earthy and realistic yet tending toward elegance; Arthur B. Davies's "Crescendo" (1910), a dream vision of gossamer ladies in an idealized setting; and the vibrant crowds of Maurice Prendergast's "Central Park" (1901) and "The

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Promenade" (1913). To complete the roll call of "The Eight," the impressionistic landscapist Ernest Lawson is represented by a late work, "High Bridge" (1934), though the Whitney might have chosen his earlier "Winter on the River" (1907), which it also has. The Everett Shinn "Footlight Flirtation" (1912), which captures the gamy exuberance of vaudeville, is from a private collection, as is Robert Henri's stunning portrait of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, the museum's founder and namesake. The same point about the Whitney's historical resources could be illustrated with the Middle Western regionalists—Thomas Hart Benton, John Steuart Curry, and Grant Wood—or the socially conscious Depression painters—Ben Shahn, Philip Evergood, George Grosz, and Jack Levine.

I imagine there was a certain amount of fun and games involved in choosing the 366, that the Whitney kept more than one of its best pieces in the basement in order to achieve geographical or political representation, and that it exerted masterful diplomacy to obtain certain others. So many great things are in the show that inevitably I began to look around to see what was missing. There are several fine Copley portraits, but where is "Watson and the Shark"? The Eakinses are as splendid. "The Concert Singer" (1892) from the Philadelphia Museum and the peripatetic "Miss Van Buren" (about 1891) from the Phillips Collection in Washington are here, and I am grateful for my first chance to see "The Swimming Hole," lent by the Fort Worth Art Association, but why not one of the medical pictures like "The Gross Clinic"? Why a routine portrait by John Neagle instead of his bravura performance, the city blacksmith "Pat Lyon at the Forge"? If a couple of Audubon birds can qualify, why not a Catlin Indian? There is a golden Blakelock called "Ecstasy," from the Hackley Art Gallery of Muskegon, Michigan, a glory to behold, but I know of a green one at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh that I would have hung beside it. For years I have been carrying on a flagrant love affair with the artist's wife, "Mrs. William Page" (about 1860), as she stands so self-assured before the Roman Coliseum among the barren, rock-strewn ruins, and Page's fine "Self Portrait" (also about 1860) is likewise present; but might we not have had his "Cupid and Psyche," the most transcendently voluptuous painting in the whole realm of American art?

Among the 366 works, 275 painters and sculptors are exhibited. This means that relatively few are represented by more than one piece, and the result is a kind of statistical statement of values. There are seven Homers, six Ryders, four Eakinses, four Copleys, four Demuths, including two watercolors, and three each by Thomas Cole, Whistler, Sargent, Mary Cassatt, and Ralph Earl, who gets a single and a paired set of portraits. Among twentieth-century artists Edward Hopper and Arshile Gorky have three paintings, John Marin has an oil and two watercolors, and Max Weber has two oils and a bronze sculpture. I am dubious about the Baedeker-like rating of all the moderns except Marin.

And why only *two* Washington Allstons, and the same allowance made for John Quidor, whose fantastic paintings based on Washington Irving's tales are a fascinating but minor accomplishment? George Caleb Bingham, who has been popularized because he is Mark Twain's only rival in depicting life on the Mississippi, is represented by a single painting, "Raftsmen Playing Cards" (1847), from the St. Louis Museum. He is not trite, and his

draftsmanship, sense of composition, and subtle treatment of light justify more space than the show permits. The two Frederic Churches, "Twilight in the Wilderness" (1860), lent by the Cleveland Museum, and "Rainy Season in the Tropics" (1866), from a private collection, are the right choice and the right number. The first shows a red sunset reflected on the deathly still surface of a lake in the Maine woods, an apocalyptic vision of doomsday; the second is a radiant flight of the imagination to the jungles of Jamaica and the heart of the Andes mountains, to the Edenic beginnings of the world rather than its fiery end.

The power of such a high-voltage operation as this exhibition provides a series of shocks, some fairly heavy and some just tingles. The fun comes from tracing out the circuits and watching the sparks when the wires cross. One of the shocks for me is a primitive, "Mourning Picture" about (1889), by Edwin Romanzo Elmer, owned by the Smith College Museum of Art. The subject is a little dead girl standing on the sunlit lawn before a meticulously detailed Victorian bracketed house. Her doll carriage and pet lamb are beside her, and her parents are posed stiffly to one side as if awaiting the arrival of a portrait photographer. It is worthy of Henri Rousseau.

Emanuel Leutze's "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way" (1861), from the Smithsonian Institution, produces a not unpleasant tingle. It has all the awful majesty of the late Anheuser-Busch barroom poster of Custer's last stand. Abbott Thayer's "Angel," also from the Smithsonian, inspires a similar response. A sister to the fairy on the White Rock labels of the same vintage, with her feathers and gold she is only slightly more substantial. She—Thayer's angels are always female—has a loose connection with Andy Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe" (1962) in that both are idealizations. A real shock is the sexuality beneath the hard surface of an idealized marble statue, "The White Captive" (1859), by Erastus Dow Palmer from the Metropolitan. It makes Gaston Lachaise's earth mother, "Standing Woman" (1912-1927), or Tom Wesselmann's "Great American Nude" (1964), all lips and nipples, seem ever so much purer than they are.

There are other kinds of connections. Gerald Murphy's unique "Razor" (1922), on loan from the Dallas Museum, is an uncanny foreshadowing of Pop Art. Like a shop sign of the eighteenth century or a heraldic device in its flatness, symmetry, and simplicity, it consists of crossed safety razor and fountain pen in the center of a rectangle above which is a box of Three Star safety

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matches. John Greenwood's "Sea Captains Carousing at Surinam" (about 1775), from the St. Louis Museum, is an early genre picture full of boisterous figures who gamble, guzzle, throw up, and pass out on the floor. It contrasts nicely with Henry Sargent's "The Dinner Party" (about 1820), from the Boston Museum, at which an equal number of respectable gentlemen are having their postprandial port and conversation in a Federal period dining room. Or "A Bachelor's Drawer" (1894) by John Haberle, from a private collection, a hyperrealistic still life composed of a hodgepodge of currency, trade cards, playing cards, theatre stubs, photographs, and found objects. A comic collage almost, it implicitly satirizes William Harnett's carefully contrived "After the Hunt" (1885), borrowed from the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.

MY REACTION to Marcel Breuer's building is favorable. It is a roughly square block. The front has been sliced off, making an overhang about halfway from the top. Then a second slice makes another overhang, and a third slice a *third* overhang that descends below the street level. Down below is an open pit in which statuary has been placed for the benefit of the passerby who takes the trouble to peer into it and for the pigeons of the city. A covered bridge extends over the pit from the sidewalk to the ground floor.

The interior is a machine for viewing art and it appears to function smoothly. Breuer argues that "exterior glass areas would be disturbing and would reduce gallery hanging space," and useless as well, since he can control heat, humidity, and light mechanically. Thus, he says, "Windows have lost their justification of existence in this building, and only a very few remain, and only to establish a contact with the outside." He places them "in a less inhibited fashion, as a purely sculptural contrast to the strength of the main building contours." This is all very interesting, but I still like natural light and I found the most pleasant spots to be in the vicinity of the functionally unjustifiable windows.

Mercy Killing

GERALD WEALES

FRANK MARCUS'S *The Killing of Sister George* is a Lesbian triangle play, part farce, part tearjerker. Marcus calls it a "comedy," and most of the reviewers, in England and here, have added the qualifying adjective "black." On the night that I saw it at the Belasco in New York there was quite a bit of laughter early in the evening, less as the play went on. Most of the early laughter appeared genuine. There was a nervousness about the sporadic outbursts in the second and third acts which suggested that the laughers were attempting to do their duty to an imported play of some reputation or were attempting to console themselves for the absence of genuine laugh evocation on stage. I may be reading my own reactions into what went on around me, which is, after all, what most critics do. If the depression that set in as the play went through its predictable paces had been grim or horrifying, if the laughter had turned to the ashes of truth in my mouth, I would have been gratified. Instead, I found myself bored, annoyed, restless, wishing I could like the play better for the sake of Beryl Reid's performance, which was remarkable throughout, and wondering what the joke was that had made *Sister George* a legendary naughty play.

FOR ONE THING, it is a variation of the old "nance" joke. The assumption of that joke is that there is something inherently funny about homosexuality and that an exceptionally swish young man or a belligerently baritone woman is automatically a comic figure. Burlesque sketches and night-club routines milked that gag for years. Popular comedies, such as Wolcott Gibbs's *Season in the Sun* (1950), which sent two effeminate boys prissing their way across stage for no discernible plot reason, got Broadway mileage from it. It still turns up frequently, as on television's *Tonight* show, when Johnny Carson, provoked by a chance remark, goes suddenly camp, in the pre-Sontag sense of the word. The laughter elicited by such routines is basically aggressive ("Well, thank God I'm not one") or defensive ("I'm *really* not one"), but *Sister George* is not out for that kind of laugh. It is a product of the new air of permissiveness, of complicity even, which can best be illustrated by a note I saw pinned to the community bulletin board in a New York East Village bookshop; in it, a nineteen-year-old male immigrant from Savannah, who calls himself a "nudenik," advertises for a roommate, male or female. Such ambidexterity, as Aristophanes teaches us, is nothing new under the sun, but there is a kind of fashionable cachet to "all things counter, original, spare, strange," to misuse Gerard Manley Hopkins's words. This makes *Sister George* an in joke, laughed at alike by homosexual and heterosexual, in recognition or indulgence. Still, it is the same old joke. It is like an anti-Negro or anti-Semitic joke told by a bona fide liberal, with a CORE membership to prove it. The laugh still hangs on the stereotype and not on anything that happens in the joke. *Sister George* is that, but presumably it is more than that or there would be no laughter after the first jocular shock of recognition.

Can the joke, then, be in the characters themselves? Yes, and final-

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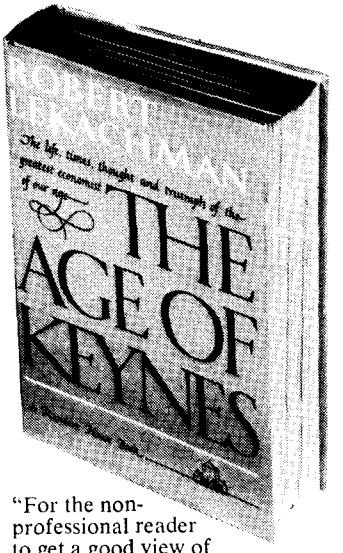
ly no. Childie, the slightly retarded prize in the triangular struggle, is not a comic character at all, not as she is played by Eileen Atkins—not certainly in the sexual-infantile pattern we have come to know in *Tobacco Road* and *Baby Doll*. She can take part in a comic scene, the scone-recipe chatter that so infuriates her masculine keeper, but most of the time she is forced to hover or whimper nervously, as though she were a case study from a "mature" TV drama. On the other hand, Sister George and Mrs. Mercy Croft are more recognizable comic figures. Sister George is a brutal variation on the English girls'-school games mistress (Beryl Reid did play in one of the *St. Trinians* movies), all tweed and swagger and no nonsense. There may be something momentarily funny in a possible truth behind a familiar health-and-heartiness stereotype, but it can scarcely last beyond one purposeful stride across stage. Sister George is funny in the first act largely because she has a number of good and incongruous lines; she is bearable after that only because Miss Reid suggests a complexity and a capacity for pain far beyond what the script calls for. Lally Bowers plays Mrs. Mercy Croft rather like Cyril Ritchard in drag, all fastidious unctuousness with an obvious lethal undertone. Miss Bowers is very good at it, but it is not a characterization that sustains well. It is too familiar (it is the conventional way to play Madison Avenue types) and it is too monotone; after the first few minutes, after the point has been established, the character and the actress join forces to produce flamboyant boredom.

Perhaps the joke is a satirical one about soap opera, for the play has to do with a radio actress who overidentifies with the part she plays and suffers a spiritual, physical, and sexual decline when the character is killed off. Judging from the snippets of plot we hear, *Applehurst,* the show which has Sister George, a district nurse, as its main character and chief moral force, is a typical soap opera, rural-village division. We twice hear the installment that kills off Sister George, once a narrative run-through told by Mrs. Croft, once as a taped playback. It is amusing—the first time, at least—but in an extremely familiar way, for soap opera, which is almost parody in its own right, has been kidded for years on radio and in the movies. There is some comic capital to be made, too, out of attempts to modernize the script by keeping it abreast of current literary clichés—the anti-hero, for instance.

The main joke about soap opera, however, appears to be that the people who play it and who create it come to accept it as almost as real as it is to the mythical listeners, whom Marcus belittles in a program note. One of the author's devices is to let his main character speak quite objectively of *Applehurst* and her work on the show and then, suddenly, slip into a complaint that shows she is talking as Sister George, not as the actress who plays her.

This is funny at first, but I assume that the author wants it to be a great deal more than that. The confusion between reality and soap opera is presumably to spill over into the triangle story that lies at the center of the play. Mercy Croft is using Sister George's position in *Applehurst* to take Childie away from her in fact. There is the potential here for a Pirandellian play of some power, a comedy about truth and illusion that is finally frightening. *Sister George* never even approaches it. The fault, I think, lies in the triangle, which, once the fact of Lesbianism is accepted, is as conventional as possible, a sentimental three-cornered romance with old-fashioned pathos curtains (a drunken Sister George revving her imaginary motorbike, Childie whimpering at George's door, George's end-of-the-play cow imitation, which has been set up as her recognition that she has lost everything). It might be possible to see the triangle as a soap-opera parody, but I doubt that that was Marcus's intention. His more obvious kidding of soap opera gets in the way of any more subtle joke about it, and the extensiveness of the triangle story finally makes it a leaden tearjerker in fact. In the end, *The Killing of Sister George,* for all its self-conscious "now"-ness, emerges as a combination of two or three old jokes and some fairly standard sentimentality.



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BOOKS

That Famous Love Affair

GORDON A. CRAIG

THE ABDICATION OF KING EDWARD VIII, by Lord Beaverbrook. Edited by A. J. P. Taylor. *Atheneum. $4.50.*

ABDICATION, by Brian Inglis. *Macmillan. $6.95.*

It is now almost exactly thirty years since that tense December in which, as the contemporary bard sang, "love, love, love alone/Caused King Edward to leave his throne," but the affair still attracts new writers, and the already formidable literature on the crisis keeps on growing. The two latest additions to it are a brief memoir by the late Lord Beaverbrook, written in 1958 but then put aside when he turned his attention to other projects, and an exhaustive analysis of the abdication crisis in all its aspects by the British journalist and TV personality Brian Inglis.

The first of these was serialized last year in the pages of the London *Sunday Express* and caused a considerable stir by the vigor, indeed virulence, of the author's attack upon Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. The letter columns were soon filled with supporting briefs and remonstrances concerning the accuracy of Beaverbrook's memory and the nature of his motives, and the resultant row lasted for weeks and involved some of the most distinguished public figures in England. The controversy turned for the most part upon sixteen distinct charges Beaverbrook made against Baldwin, including deliberate dissimulation in his dealings with the King and unabashed prevarication in his declaration to the House of Commons.

In a refutation that appeared in the *Observer*, six of these charges were shown to be demonstrably false, and the others to embody misrepresentation of one kind or another. Beaverbrook's main thesis was that Baldwin used the King's desire to marry Mrs. Simpson in order to cause a crisis that would revive his own sagging political fortunes, that "for more than eight months he allowed the King to become enmeshed in his plans for marriage" without "giving him the slightest hint that the marriage would be opposed with all the forces" at his command, and that during this period he was "lying in wait to destroy the King." On examination, most of this seems to be based on supposition, and it was obviously inspired by Beaverbrook's desire for revenge upon Baldwin for checks that the Prime Minister had given to his political ambitions years before.

NO ONE will deny that Baldwin was a wily and at times disingenuous politician. But it was not his way to base his actions on carefully thought-out, long-range plans. He was more inclined to let things drift and to rely on intuition (and that, incidentally, is why his administration of British foreign affairs was so disastrous). This tendency was most pronounced in the first stages of the dispute over the King's marriage plans; and in his assessment of the Prime Minister's role, Mr. Inglis rightly observes that "Over the King's matter . . . he let hunch take over." As a matter of fact, he adds, it is wholly likely that, far from plotting the King's fall, "Baldwin never consciously made up his mind that Edward must go." During the controversy of 1965, some of the Prime Minister's closest associates, as well as some of the King's, agreed that Baldwin was entirely loyal to his sovereign and wholly sympathetic. Mr. Inglis describes the genuineness of his feeling for the King in a striking if somewhat unflattering comparison. "When Edward's departure became inevitable," he writes, "Baldwin did not think of it as victory over an adversary in the contest which circumstances had made inevitable. He regarded Edward more as the owner of a lovable dog might do, if the dog gets too big and too restless for the family's peace of mind."

In Lord Beaverbrook's book, Edward VIII plays almost an incidental part; in that of Mr. Inglis he is the main figure, and no one who reads this judicious and absorbing account will doubt that he was the architect of his own downfall. In his memoirs the Duke of Windsor was to complain about people who persisted in saying that he had never wanted to be King, and he was to point out that he had worked hard for twenty-four years to qualify himself for the position. This is true, but it has also to be said that this schooling was incomplete. Edward never acquired the gift of patience, or that of tolerance for the opinions of others, or the willingness to accept criticism philosophically, or the ability to assess the political requirements of his position. He was willful and indiscreet and indulged in gestures that worried his ministers and filled them with fears for the future. He admired Mussolini, was a pronounced Germanophile, and detested the League of Nations, all of which cost him the sympathy and support of the laboring men and women of England when he most needed them. And, however much he may have wanted to be King, he was not prepared to make any personal sacrifices for the privilege This is what dismayed his mother, who wrote to him, eighteen months after the abdication, "You did not

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seem able to take in any point of view but your own. . . . I do not think you have ever realized the shock which the attitude you took up caused your family and the whole Nation. It seemed inconceivable to those who had made such sacrifices during the war that you, as their king, refused a lesser sacrifice."

IT SEEMS to have dawned on the King only belatedly that he was not going to be permitted both to marry Mrs. Simpson and to remain on the throne. He was no more given than Baldwin to think his way systematically through complicated issues, and in any case he was used to getting what he wanted. Mrs. Simpson, overimpressed by Edward's ability to command and be obeyed, seems at the outset to have been confident too. But the constitutional objections soon became clear, and when they did, Edward was not enough his mother's son to give up Mrs. Simpson and not possessed of enough political confidence and will to seek to defy or outmaneuver his ministers. He and his future wife fastened instead upon the morganatic marriage idea and formally asked for ministerial approval. Given the political forces of the time, this request was bound to meet with refusal and to make the King's abdication inevitable. Fitfully Edward imagined that the common people of England were waiting to be rallied to his cause; this, as the national mood at the height of the crisis demonstrated, was a complete illusion.

All in all, whatever sympathies one may have had for Edward as a person, his behavior throughout the crisis was not of the kind to inspire confidence in his political judgment or his potential abilities as ruler of a great nation, and this explains why he was so completely forgotten in his own country as soon as the constitutional crisis was over. There were more important things going on in the world than royal love affairs, and there were lots of people in England who resented the fact that the King should have allowed his desire to marry to distract the nation's attention from such a palpable threat to peace and democracy as that represented by the fascist attack upon the republic of Spain.

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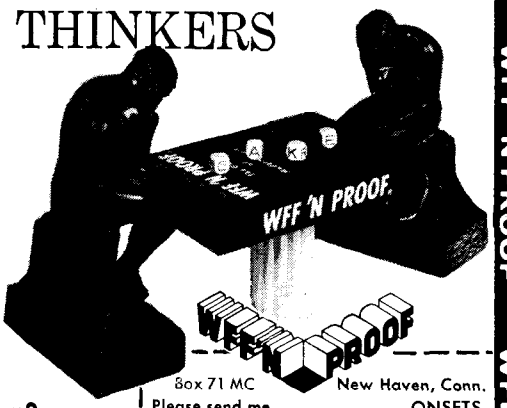

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Mystery Stories

VIRGILIA PETERSON

THE RAILWAY POLICE and THE LAST TROLLEY RIDE, by Hortense Calisher. *Little, Brown. $5.*

At a time when mystery, not to say mystification, has gone out of fashion and there is a general conviction that all codes are about to be cracked, Hortense Calisher goes on stubbornly writing novels and stories that are wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. Like a mineral spring, her imagination keeps bubbling up with hot and sometimes sulphurous narratives that both attract and repel. Her work attracts because of her brilliant manipulation of language, her endlessly apt observation of character and behavior, and the sudden illuminating generalities with which she is not afraid to sprinkle her texts, despite the current vogue for writers of fiction to keep their thoughts to themselves. Yet this very virtuosity ends by repelling the reader who needs to know, and cannot discover, what deeply matters to Miss Calisher and what she really means to say. Perhaps she is merely too clever to get it across. Or perhaps her one love is the word itself.

THIS LATEST BOOK is composed of two stories. The first, *The Railway Police* (why she names it thus is not made clear), is by far the shorter of the two and an instance, *par excellence,* of her passion for mystification. Told in the first person, it concerns a comfortably-off lady social worker, no longer young (as they say) though still well under thirty-nine (!) and still with an unmistakable sexual drive and allure, who has been, since the age of thirteen, bald. Of wigs she has a connoisseur's collection, each a work of art if not an artifact, each precisely designed not only to fit her skull but also to fit the whole array of mood and circumstance in which such a woman might find herself.

From what you are told of her suave immaculacy, you would think she had her problem scotched. But as her accordion-pleated character expands in the author's expert hands, you learn that this is not the case. She wants—don't we all want?—the unattainable. She wants to be loved, not for the glossy hair she chooses so carefully but for the white, Picasso-like cranium beneath. Once, in her years of concealing her hairlessness, the dream seemed to lie within her grasp. She was sought in marriage by a man of the right age and scope and cultivation who professed to have a passion for the naked skull, a man who could not say enough about its beauty in old statues and in temple nuns. As a final test of her goal, she invited him home for a pre-marital honeymoon. What happened when he entered the bedroom where she awaited him in her natural state is, in its galling inevitability, the best scene in the story and indeed in the book. By the fiasco, her whole life was turned in the weird new direc-

tion that constitutes the body and point of the tale.

But what, in fact, is *The Railway Police* about? Surely, Miss Calisher has long since shown herself to be too devious to say anything as simple as that we all want to be accepted and loved for what we are. If on the other hand she is speaking of the burden of private shame, surely she is not suggesting that, like her lady social worker, we should all uncover it and pay the consequences? It seems unlikely that anyone as devoted to mystification as Miss Calisher should write a story against it, as indeed it also seems peculiarly ironic and interesting that this writer, who happens to have herself a wild and unforgettable abundance of hair, should have conceived of

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its absence as her symbol for private pain.

NOTHING written by the same hand could be more different than the second story in this volume, the novelette called *The Last Trolley Ride*. At first glance, there seems to be no mystery whatever. Certainly there is none in the title. A last trolley ride, a most meaningful trolley ride to the chief characters in the tale, actually does take place. The trolley itself, serving as a kind of *deus ex machina*, determines the fate of the two gawkily inarticulate and touchingly innocent couples—a pair of sisters and a pair of bachelor roommates living in a small upstate New York canal town not long after the end of the First World War—whose hesitancies and confusions are wildly reminiscent of some of Shakespeare's lesser comedies. What happens to them is recounted some thirty years later by one of the men involved, with a desire to clarify and perhaps even to edify the grandchildren of both. There is real sweetness in this story, but occasionally, too, alas, an archness heretofore undetectable in any of Miss Calisher's work, even through a magnifying glass. Whether or not the denizens of small New York canal towns were as wholesomely free of corruption (except for a bit of gossip, snobbery, and shrewd dealing) in those far-off pre-superhighway, pre-assembly-line days as Miss Calisher paints them, she certainly makes you see it all through the misted lens of nostalgia. Moving back and forth in perspective with a technical proficiency that was conspicuous for its absence in the work of Grandma Moses, she all the same brings Grandma's simplicities to mind, and with them their concomitant catch in the throat.

Yet *The Last Trolley Ride* is not without its mystifications, too. Both young men, for instance, happen to be called Jim (though this arbitrary little confusion is in part dispelled by the fact that one Jim refers to the other as "mate"). Both wanted wives, both had their eye on the rather neglected fringe-of-the-town sisters, of whom Lottie, older and much plumper, could do nothing else but make ambrosial fritters, while Emily, the younger, was for all practical purposes at least the prize. You learn, of course, which man gets which girl (or vice versa), but you never do quite find out, even during the last ride of the Batavia-Sand Spring Interurban (an early folly of the local millionaire's), which girl which man wanted. Still, some thirty years later, just before the story is being set down, you are not sure, with the women gone by then and the two men now close enough to tell one another the truth, whether one Jim really did lay down his life, as it were, in willing sacrifice for the other.

But what does the clever, the sophisticated, the exacerbatedly aware Hortense Calisher mean by this idyll of hers? Is she saying, as she pulls up her ample sleeve: "You expected a snake and look—it's a nice white rabbit!" Or does the rabbit only look like a rabbit because of her conjuror's art? It is not impossible, knowing the rest of her work, that with this long, prettily written, and unarguably appealing story, *The Last Trolley Ride*, she has pulled out her neatest trick so far, and left us without a clue as to how or why she did it.

An Idea For a Book

EVE CARY

INDIAN SUMMER, by John Knowles. *Random House. $4.95.*

Indian Summer reads more like a plot summary than like a novel. It is a description of an idea that the author had for a novel, peopled with caricatures and illustrated with handy clichés. One gets the feeling that the publishers got hold of the first draft before Mr. Knowles had a chance to endow his characters with lives or emotions or even words (there is almost no dialogue) of their own. In the book's present state the existence of an author cannot be forgotten for an instant; he is always right there, manipulating and philosophizing. The result is an embarrassing, shallow story, which is

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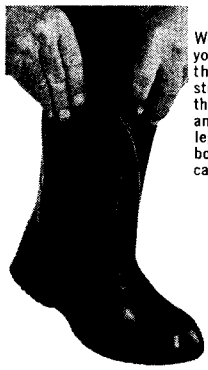

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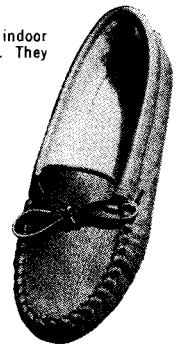

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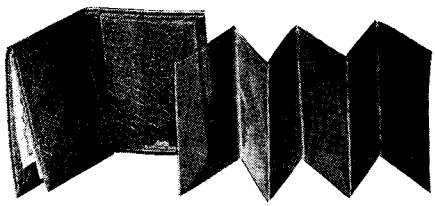

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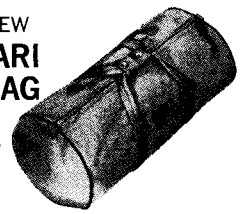

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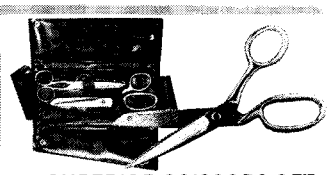

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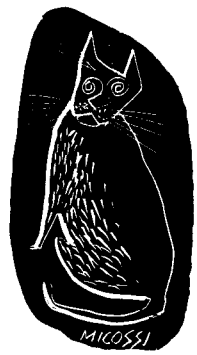
discouraging when it comes from the author of as honest and moving a book as *A Separate Peace.*

Discharged from the Army Air Force at the end of the war ("...hostilities suddenly ended, and the gigantic hush at last fell . . ."), Cleet Kinsolving heads out West with a vague dream of starting a freight airline between Washington State and Alaska. In Kansas he gets a job at a small airfield and is completely happy. Then one evening his childhood pal, millionaire Neil Reardon (now a famous author), shows up to give a lecture. He persuades Cleet to return to Wetherford, their home town in Connecticut (which Cleet hates), to work for him at five times what he is making in Kansas. Cleet punches the wall a few times, silently telling himself, "I'm making a mistake, I'm making a mistake," and boards the Reardons' plane with Neil and his pregnant wife Georgia, an honest girl from a poor family who is having a hard



time adjusting to emeralds and Catholicism.

In Wetherford Cleet finds that his position in the Reardon household is to be more or less that of an indentured servant. Not only does he have to park cars and walk dogs and move pianos, and look for Georgia, who is hitch-hiking with her sister just as they used to do when they were poor, but Neil gets to tell him what to wear and to interrupt him in the middle of "the most interesting conversation ever." But at the same time Cleet can see that money doesn't buy happiness because all the rich people aren't free, they aren't "real, true, full human beings." Neil, for example, thinks that he'll go to hell if he sleeps with his wife when she's pregnant because its a sin to enjoy it and " 'You're only supposed to

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do it when, you know, you're trying to make her pregnant' . . ." But Cleet, who "has to be closer to the pulse of life" because there's "too much to him" ("He was *too* healthy. His eyesight, he had discovered in the Air Force, wasn't normal: It was better than normal. So were his hearing and his taste buds and his sex organ . . ."), doesn't get that at all: " 'You're not supposed to do it for pleasure,' he repeated in slow wonderment to himself, as though it were a phrase in Arabic."

FINALLY, the Reardons give a big party to which Georgia's charming, failure father and loud, good-sort mother with a compulsion to play popular music on the piano wherever she goes, are invited. Cleet and Mr. Sommers go off to a roadhouse, where Cleet discovers that the two of them think exactly alike.

" 'Human beings were originally fish.'

" 'Did you ever notice how people you meet today resemble their animal ancestors? Some people have a lot of fish in them, some have eagles, a few are obviously descended from frogs.'

"After a dignified, impressive pause, moved, Cleet answered, 'Yes, I have thought about that.' "

But then Georgia explains to Cleet that her father is a failure ("He was too wonderful . . . too dreaming, with lots of ideals . . ."), so Cleet hates him, angry that he ever identified with him, because he doesn't want to be a failure.

On the night of the big party, Neil tells Cleet that he and his father have decided that they will not help him start his airline as Cleet had hoped they would, because he is too dumb and the project would fail. Cleet accuses Neil of being scared (" 'It's a way of slipping around life instead of going through it' "), and Neil, who wants to prove to Cleet that, although he was scared of the dark when he was nine, he isn't scared any more, accuses him of having caused an accident that took place on the plane on the way back from Kansas. But Cleet has had enough (" 'I don't want to be a hanger on to millionaires' ") and quits. Before he goes, he seduces Georgia, causing her to have a miscarriage (thus killing Neil's son),

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and heads out West again with his duffel bag, feeling free at last.

MR. KNOWLES clearly has something that he wants to say, but he leaves it to the reader to find out what. The book opens with a quote from Proust, ". . . his actions, like everyone else's, being generally dictated by previous actions, the prime motive of which has already ceased to exist," and there is a brief mention of actors "performing last week's play in front of this week's sets," but then the theme is dropped —or at least it doesn't come across to the reader.

Then there's the idea of selling out—nothing new, but still effective if treated originally. In *Indian Summer,* however, the question that looms is just what it is that the Reardons have to offer Cleet. From the instant that he meets Neil, Cleet is miserable, and things progress downhill from that point. $200 a week is not an explanation. What does Cleet want with $200? An airline? Then how is he selling out?

And Neil. He's rich, famous, happily married, about to become a father. A man can be rich and unhappy, but it seems rather puritanical to have to accept the idea that misery is the result of wealth, or that Cleet is any better or more honest simply because he is dumb and hyperthyroid.

The conflict between the two boys that was so powerful in *A Separate Peace* dissolves in *Indian Summer,* for one cannot imagine what either man has to offer the other. Whereas Finny was a real person with vitality and emotion and imagination, Cleet is simply Life incarnate, a kid in a situation comedy who "feels better" after swilling down a peach, a tomato, some celery and peanut butter with a lot of chocolate milk. Gene's envy of Finny is painfully familiar, but why would Neil ever choose to be Cleet?

Mr. Knowles has simply created comic-strip people and put them in an unbelievable situation, expecting the reader to get the point because intellectually he understands that a conflict *could* arise between money and freedom. Therefore, the reader has to do more work than the author, which really doesn't seem quite fair.

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Bill Geshwiler is a Methods Engineer, quarterback of the engine assembly line for Buick at Flint, Michigan.

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Bill has always been a quarterback —in grade school and high school at Beech Grove, Indiana, near Indianapolis. The fact is, he made the All-State football team in 1954. Passing up scholarships at two universities and an appointment to a service academy, he decided instead on the General Motors Institute in Flint, and was graduated with an engineering degree.

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